

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1919

Reedy's **MIRROR**



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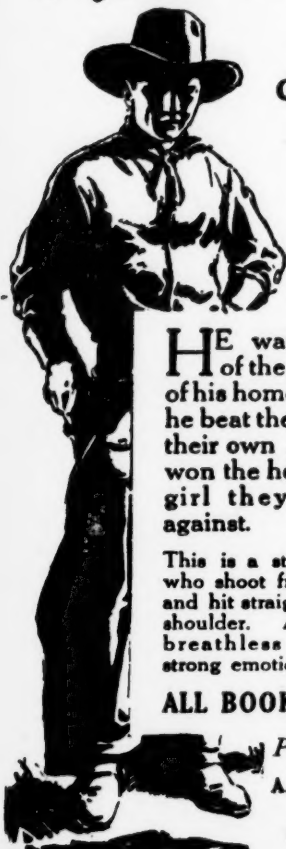
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New Books Received

THE SONS OF MAINE AND OTHER POEMS by John Chick Murray. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$1.25.

A collection of verse about Maine, the farm and fireside, a few patriotic poems and some humorous sketches, done in the straight old-fashioned way.

LENIN by Albert Rhys Williams. New York: Scott & Seltzer, \$1.35.

Mr. Williams gives a brief biographical sketch and an account of ten months' association with the Russian premier. His own work is supplemented by the impressions of Raymond Robins, who as chief of the American Red Cross in Russia had a fair chance to judge of Lenin and his work; also Arthur Ransome's impression of Lenin in 1919, and the conservative opinions of a few other well known men. The whole affords the reader a view of the man and his work from what can surely be considered an unbiased viewpoint. The book has the additional merit of comparative brevity.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The works of this popular Spanish author, now on a lecture tour in this country, are being issued in a de luxe edition, called the "Authors," translated by Charlotte Brewster Jordan. There is an introductory essay on the man and his work by Dr. Isaac Goldberg. Also portrait frontispiece.

MARE NOSTRUM by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This later book is probably more popular in America than "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," published uniform with it in the "author's edition."

SEQUOIA SONNETS by Charles Keeler. Berkeley, Calif.: Live Oak Publishing Co., \$1.25.

More than a hundred sonnets on a multitude of subjects.

THE STRONG HOURS by Maud Diver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., \$1.90.

Mrs. Diver has established a reputation in England through her brilliant novels of British military life throughout the empire. With the present volume she makes her debut to American readers. It is a novel of the Great War and covers practically all the British possessions in its movement.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONFLICT by Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., \$2.50.

A second series of brief war-time essays. The subjects include Europe, the drink program of the future, civilization, the origin of war, Herbert Spencer, Luther, eugenics, birth control and the sex problem in relation to the war, the unmarried mother, the mind of woman, Mr. Conrad's world, etc. There are twenty-four, all giving food for thought. Indexed.

THE DECAMERON by Boccaccio. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co., \$2.

An expurgated edition of the ten days' entertainment of Boccaccio. The element of risque has been eliminated, without spoiling the stories or their exquisite form, so that now any woman or youth can take pleasure in their reading. As stories they are unequalled by anything written since—they mirror Life of all ages. Printed on rice paper.

I CHOOSE by Gertrude Capen Whitney. Boston: Four Seas Co., 75c.

A cheerful little story preaching with perhaps an excess of optimism that life is what we make it. Third edition.

ON THE MAKOLOA MAT by Jack London. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.60.

Seven short stories gathered from mss. left at his death and hitherto unpublished. They are dramatic colorful adventure tales with the scenes laid in Hawaii.

DR. JONATHAN by Winston Churchill. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.25.

A play in three acts dealing with industrial democracy as manifested in America. The scene is the same as in "Coniston"—a New England village.

THE RUSSIAN PENDULUM by Arthur Bullard. New York: Macmillan Co., \$2.

The author sees a complete swing of the pendulum in political Russia from the autocracy

of the czars through the democratic regime of Kerensky to the present government of Lenin, which he sees as but the return of the czarist government under another name. A comprehensive work, thoroughly indexed.

HANDS OFF by Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Macmillan Co., \$2.

Concerning the amatory adventures of a young American who falls among thieves in Mexico, is jailed and ultimately leased as a laborer under the Mexican peonage system. Also falls in love with an American girl and all ends happily. Frontispiece.

THE JEW PAYS by M. E. Ravage. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A narrative of the consequences of the war to the Jews of eastern Europe, and of the manner in which Americans have attempted to meet them. On a narrow strip of the earth partly in Austria and partly in Russia and including the major portion of the Balkan peninsula are concentrated a larger number of Jews than probably anywhere else. It is particularly with these that the author deals.

LINDA CONDON by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.75.

The story of a beautiful child who grew into a woman consecrated only to beauty. She meets a man devoted to the perpetuation of beauty, a sculptor, who immortalizes love by converting into bronze their deepest emotions. But she marries another man, and—it's a bit unpleasant.

THE FACE OF THE WORLD by Johan Bojer. New York: Moffatt Yard & Co., \$1.75.

The author of "The Great Hunger" writes of a dreamer, a young physician who craves to take upon his shoulders the burdens of the world, but in his failure to encompass this shows that it is better to save one soul by faith in mankind. The scene is laid in Paris and Christiana.

WERE YOU EVER A CHILD? by Floyd Dell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The associate editor of *The Liberator* writes of our educational system in terms of social revolt. He attempts to show the evolution of the present public school system and why it is now in the throes of revolutionary change. In so doing he concentrates upon the two things which constitute in their juxtaposition the essential problems of education—the nature of modern life and the nature of the child.

VENTURES IN COMMON SENSE by E. W. Howe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Aphorisms, arguments, epigrams culled from *E. W. Howe's Monthly*. They treat of a number of subjects—women, religion, man, newspapers, philosophy, friendship, the people, fools, sentiment, war, conduct, old age, business, the poor, thrift, fame, greatness, materialism, provincialism, rumor, selfishness, advertising. The second of the *Free Lance* books edited by H. L. Mencken, with an introduction by the editor. The first in the series was a translation of Pio Baroja's "Youth and Egoism."

THE RED MARK by John Russell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Stories of adventure and love from the outposts of civilization that stir the blood and take the breath—purple seas and lost treasure, convict colonies and cocoanut isles.

WANDERINGS IN THE ORIENT by Albert M. Reese. Chicago: Open Court Publ. Co.

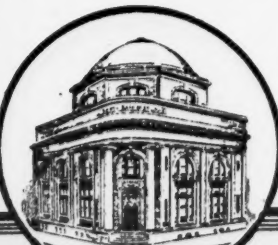
This small book tells of the delights of "going abroad" westward to the limits of the east. It begins with a twenty-eight day passage across the Pacific to Manila—because the writer traveled on a leisurely government transport as a representative of the Smithsonian Institute—and outings from this point give interesting side lights on life in the Philippines. From Manila to Zamboango, Borneo, Singapore, Hongkong, Canton, back to Manila with the intervening territory described and illustrated from photographs. Industries, manners, customs, people and places, also a bit of history, are briefly yet comprehensively treated.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The President Should Yield

By William Marion Reedy

LOOKING over the Lodge and the Hitchcock reservations to the peace treaty my general impression is that for the most part the differences between the two are as those between tweedledum and tweedledee. This, however, is not true of the Reed reservation which lets the United States out of all obligations or responsibilities under the pact. It would be an utter outsider in the League of Nations. The Shantung reservation would wreck the treaty because it asperses the honesty of the arrangement as to this Japanese compensation for services in ousting Germany from China, which is approved by Great Britain, France and Italy. Neither of those reservations should be adopted, if the treaty and the League are to be effective. The Lodge preamble to the reservations is a sort of holding a blunderbus at the heads of the other nations and saying "Take them or the treaty dies!"

But for the most part the Lodge reservations only put a check on presidential power in the League. They give the power of final action as to war, the economic boycott, armament and the selection of members of the League Council, to Congress. This is not heinous anti-Americanism—to place the power for this country's action as nearly back to the people as it can be brought. So good a Democrat as Mr. William Jennings Bryan, says in the latest issue of the *Commoner* that the delegates to the League assembly and council should be chosen by popular election. It seems to me that the Lodge reservations are democratic in essence, that the head and front of their offending is that they do not leave absolute authority in League affairs in the President or his appointees. They would prevent any such choice for representatives in League deliberations as was made without submission to Senate or people in the appointment of the President's associates in the Paris conference. The Lodge resolutions may be *lese majeste* as to the President but they are not offensive to our theory that this country is a democracy with a republican form of government. They would tend as far as I can judge to make the League, so far as we are concerned, one of people and not of government.

Without expatiation on the subject I must say that Mr. Hitchcock's reservations, with exceptions noted, say very much the same thing as Mr. Lodge's, only they say it more mildly and suavely, more like President Wilson would say it. We are given to understand that the President will accept the Hitchcock reservations and none other. Anything else that may be tagged on to the treaty will cause him to pocket the instrument. He can do this and his senatorial supporters can refuse to approve the treaty if it is amended as Mr. Lodge proposes, but it would be nothing in fact but the assertion of the policy of rule or ruin if the President should connive at the defeat of his own treaty and League. The Senate majority does not want to kill the

treaty. It aims only to shape it so that the League of Nations shall not be, so far as this country is concerned, a one-man affair, entirely beyond congressional jurisdiction. With this aspect of the majority position I am in the heartiest sympathy. There must be final control in Congress of the action of our representatives in the deliberations of the League. That is democracy and it is Americanism too.

According to the recorded recent votes in the Senate that body acts on the treaty as on a direct domestic partisan issue. The Republicans want to clip the Democratic President's wings. The Democrats vote for Mr. Wilson's treaty as he wants it, because he is the head of their party. There are insurgents in both camps but, in the large, the treaty has pretty well resolved itself into a partisan fight. Aside from proposals like Reed's designed to nullify the League, the distinctions drawn between the Lodge and the Hitchcock programs are very fine indeed. They are so fine, in fact, that all persons who believe that this country should join in an effort to maintain world peace, consider that the outcome of the present situation should be a series of compromise reservations. Neither side is called upon to yield much more than an agreement to a modification of phraseology. As the country at large favors any league rather than no league so far as we are concerned, and as there are no more than seven or eight senators who are for washing our hands of the whole business, compromise on the reservations would seem to be an imperative duty resting upon the Senate. The country cares more for saving the League idea than for saving the President's face.

The Republicans stand on the principle that the United States shall not surrender one jot or tittle of national sovereignty. They will not surrender that sovereignty to Presidential appointees to the important positions in the League organization, but want Congress to have final decision as to action. As a matter of fact Senator Hitchcock's reservations yield the point in more plausible phraseology. There can be no doubt that this clinging to sovereignty means finally popular or widely representative decisions as to League action. It means that this country will be a more or less detached member of the League, but it is not impossible that our detachment would be better for the League than to have us enter it committed to policies and programs which may be framed by the European members in advance. We left the President to his own devices at Paris and he didn't come out very well at the end. He got the League idea, but the other conferees got everything else. The other powers yielded little of their nationalism to Mr. Wilson's internationalism and it is against that internationalism that the Senate Republicans declare themselves in the reservations of sovereignty. But sovereignty does not require, for example, that the Senate shall say to the other powers that they must

accept our reservations preliminary to our ratification or we will not ratify. That is too much like bull-doing. The Senate should know what are the prospects for acceptance of reservations by other powers. We may go into the League unpledged as to certain things but we would be open to conviction. Our representatives will have to be convinced as to the advisability of action in any event, and there is no valid objection to our entering the League with an open mind but with a desire to prevent war and preserve peace. To this last we shall be committed in spite of any reservations. Our reservations do not make the League a hopeless proposition, especially as an analysis of the instrument shows that the other powers have got all their reservations snugly ensconced in the body of the covenant as Mr. Wilson brought it from Paris, taking care to accomplish this by treaties prior to our participation in the war.

The reservations upon which Mr. Lodge and Mr. Hitchcock are at odds only in the matter of form are not fatal to the League. They can be compromised and, so far as present indications go, probably will be compromised. This country gave the world its hope of a League when all the other powers were skeptical of the proposal. It seems to me that the Senate, with a few exceptions, does not want to flout and scorn that hope by keeping us out of the League. The defeat of the treaty would repudiate the ideal we held up to the world. That no League at all would be better than a League with reservations on our part we cannot believe any more

than we can subscribe to the dictum that non-being is better than being. To be sure if we hold out now, we may go in later without reservations, but then again we might not, and the League might go to pieces before we could make up our mind.

We should go in. The condition of Europe is precarious. War is still on. The Supreme Council of the Allies blockades Russia. Rumania defies that body. Italy does not give up Fiume. Austria starves. Germany procrastinates on reparations. The Supreme Council leaves the ruling of the continent to Marshal Foch. There is no coming of order out of chaos. The Council does not govern and cannot, because the League hangs fire. It hangs fire because we do not go in. Europe drifts to anarchy while the establishment of the League is delayed, and that cannot happen to Europe without injuring this country. This country should ratify the treaty and enter the League with or without reservations. The reservations will probably be accepted because Europe needs our aid so badly. The Senate is not so divided as to the forms of reservations as partisan spokesmen pretend. Compromise is not impossible. The President, "vowing he would ne'er consent, consented" at Paris to less than his full demands. He can and he should do as much to his own countrymen. He owes it to his own people to accommodate himself to those who differ with him, to get the treaty passed, the League in operation and to clear the way for checking anarchic tendencies in this country. It is surely as much up to the President as it is to Senator Lodge to save the League.

crucial industrial situation. The people get prohibition for breakfast, lunch and dinner. The preachers are all talking about it. They mix it up with everything in the heavens above, on the earth beneath and the waters under the earth. States are torn up over the action of popular referendums on the issue. Collectors are declaiming about loss of revenue and deficiencies in funds for public improvement. We are told on every hand that prohibition means more taxes for everybody and still not enough for state and municipal governments to pay their way. The shortage of workmen and servants and the insolence of those that may be had are ascribed to the general disgruntlement over the inability of the common people to get a drink when they want it. We are to elect a President next year. The question is whether he shall be wet or dry.

In some vague way it is believed that the President and Congress may possibly so act as to set aside the eighteenth amendment. There is not any way to do this in any reasonable length of time, for the Congress might pass a joint resolution repealing that amendment and then that resolution would have to be ratified by the legislatures of thirty-six states before the amendment could be amended out of the great instrument of organic law. When we think how long it took to get thirty-six states and Congress to do what they have done on this question it is easy to see that the abolition of prohibition is a thing not to be expected in the early future. The wets look to the supreme court for action that may eliminate prohibition as unconstitutional. All the decisions in the past seem to indicate that this is improbable. The question whether the states can by referendum negative and nullify the ratification of the congressional resolution by the legislatures of those states is an interesting one, but the law is that constitutional amendments have to be ratified by joint resolutions of legislatures and the referendums upon such ratification count for nothing.

The only sure way to get rid of constitutional prohibition is through a constitutional amendment that will repeal the eighteenth amendment. How long it would take to do that no one can say, but it is evident that an attempt will be made to get at the liquor question in just that way. This means that prohibition will continue to be an issue in politics even though it has been "settled." The fight will go on for legislators and congressmen for or against repeal. We shall see prohibition as an issue in all those bodies, and all other issues held up or modified by that one issue. In a general way everything else will be subordinate in importance to the prohibition question. Wets or dries will pass or defeat other important legislations as their action will conduce to the advantage of the causes symbolized by the bottle or the camel. No one believes that legislatures chosen on the wet or dry issue will be made up of men of a mental scope greater than is required to assault or sustain the Demon Rum. This is all to the bad. It will tend to put a drag upon all progressive legislation. It will cut across all programs for social amelioration, on the theory that there isn't any amelioration but prohibition. There won't be any other issue in a great many states, and the state conditions will affect the whole nation, disastrously, as I believe. Everything else will be held up until the enforcement of dry laws shall be settled, and all the while there will be the agitation for repeal.

Prohibition: a Brake on Progress

By William Marion Reedy

PROHIBITION is a national pest. And it is so in a larger sense than its bearing upon the individual who likes a little drink now and then and cannot get it without conspiring with some one to break the law. It contributes more than its share to making espionage and raiding the two great national sports. The spotting and "pulling" of "wets" is added to the spying and swooping upon suspected "reds," their meeting places and their publication offices.

But worse even than all this is the fact that from present indications prohibition is to continue to be such an issue in our politics as will prevent our concentration upon other matters awaiting urgent action. The fight between wets and dries will continue to be carried into the elections for every office from congressman down to constable. That prohibition is a factor in the present acute industrial troubles everyone is aware. The President of the American Federation of Labor says that the abolition of the liquor traffic with its resultant deprivation of the poor man of his beer is responsible for the development of radicalism and lawlessness throughout the country. Many people believe that the liquor issue plays a part in delaying the final action of the Senate upon the peace treaty. It is said, and believed in some quarters, that the liquor interest in some occult fashion is behind the opposition to the ratification of the treaty. You will probably have heard the assertion made by fanatical prohibitionists that the President vetoed the war-time dry act in the hope and faith that,

in gratitude for such action, the distillers and the brewers would exert their influence to induce the withdrawal of some of the opposition to the League of Nations. The assumption was absurd, of course. I cite the matter only as showing how the question of dry or wet is mixed up fantastically with a great international proposition with which it has nothing to do. I have heard perfervid supporters of the wet end of the argument say the League and the treaty should be smashed because clearly one of the main purposes of the League is to bring about the enactment and enforcement of world prohibition. All things are seen through the prohibition glass, darkly.

Reading the papers from various states I find that although prohibition has been established under the eighteenth amendment to the constitution, the politicians of both parties, in considering the advisability of nominations for office and the prospects of party success, lay great stress upon the stand of this or that possibility for this or that office upon the liquor question. This or that man cannot be elected to this or that office because he is wet or dry, as the case may be. Congressmen now in office are advertised as marked for defeat because they did or did not vote to sustain the President's veto of war-time prohibition. Senators are marked the same way. What they did as to the drink question is more discussed than what they may have done on the question of the peace treaty. Prohibition gets in the newspapers, upon the whole, more space than the treaty or the

There are many people who believe the repeal agitation will die down as the liquor interests realize that they will have to spend a great deal of money for the cause while their plants are idle. They will get very tired of "everything going out and nothing coming in." That is true, but there remains to be considered the people other than the liquor manufacturers who must be everlastingly opposed to the principle of prohibition. These will not let up in their fight for repeal. There will be on the other hand the grand army of officials having what will be the vested interest of their jobs in seeing that prohibition is continued and sustained. And there will be the ever present fanatics desirous of extending prohibition to tobacco and possibly other things. "It is a very common thing these days," writes the Jefferson City correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat*, "in all gatherings, to hear the wets say they will not vote for dry candidates, regardless of their political creed." Of course the dries feel the same way about the wets, and this feeling is not peculiar to Missouri, but prevails in almost all the other states. There is going to be no place for straddlers. "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!" That will be the cry on both sides. While the public mind is centered on this issue many other things may and probably will "go to pot."

Clearly the best interest of the country is that, so far as possible, the prohibition question should be definitely settled. The Supreme Court of the United States should take cognizance of the condition and situation I have here inadequately described and render its decision as to the constitutionality of prohibition at the earliest possible date. The whole question has been up so often in cases relating to the different states, the decision should not be long withheld. Constitutionality once determined, there would be an end of the doubtfulness of all the legislation. This would not necessarily put an end to propaganda and agitation for amending the eighteenth amendment out of the federal constitution, if it were upheld, but if all the law points were decided there is a prospect that the propaganda and agitation would languish for lack of funds, as the liquor interests would withhold contributions on the principle of not sending good money after bad. There isn't much prospect that a wet movement can ever be organized as was the dry movement through the churches and Sunday Schools and the societies of women, unless the prophesied evils of prohibition should become so glaringly offensive and oppressive as to generate a wide and deep moral revolt against the institution.

Prohibition today is an obsession that threatens the people's political, economic and social sanity. The first because it distracts attention from all other political issues; the second because it enormously exaggerates the part liquor plays in the promotion of poverty and crime; the third, because all the effects of the issue are anti-social in their restriction upon individual freedom of will. Prohibition is baneful in its subordination of the human being to the state in matters of such personal intimacy as the gratification of innocent appetite. It can never be enforced without generating social suspicion, meddlesomeness and hatred. It will poison politics for a long time to come, more than ever did the admittedly evil saloon and its accompaniments. Concentration upon it may make us sober but according to all the political connotations of such legislation it cannot but operate to make us increasingly less free. But be that as it may—

for I admit that prohibitionists declare the contrary—the most desirable thing in this country right now is that something should be done to get the prohibition issue out of politics in order that we may buckle down to the handling of other problems, for those problems are not likely to be well-handled if we send to our legislatures and to congressmen who are victims of the fixed idea—wet or dry. We need at present more vision and more constructive imagination than are likely to be found in persons who see in prohibition a world-panacea or in the liberal manufacture and sale of liquor the *summum bonum* of mankind.

In view of the position of the issue in our affairs I wonder if it would not be a fine thing to have a nation-wide plebiscite on prohibition in an election in which no candidates and no other issues were involved. Let the people vote "yes" or "no." The result would put the subject out of the way, so far as anything ever will or can. We could then proceed to put our house in order with regard to the other problems—national and international—social and economic—that clamor for settlement, lest, neglected, they precipitate chaos.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Government and the Miners' Strike

OFFICIALS of the mine workers' union, obeying the federal injunction, rescinded the order to strike, but they didn't order the miners to go back to work, and the miners are not going back. So the strike is officially off, but actually on. The federal court didn't order the men to resume mining—and couldn't. The court cannot conscript labor. Coal supply is very low, trains are being withdrawn from service, factories are faced with the prospect of an early shut-down and the people generally with freezing in their homes if the weather changes, as it may, for the worse. What is to be done in this war of a class against the mass of the population? The court can do nothing unless it shall find that, though the strike order is ostensibly withdrawn, the miners' organization is in fact abstaining from work by an understanding of which there is no official record. Then the unions and their members would be in contempt of court and punishable therefor. The strike cannot go on in this informal fashion without payment of strike benefits, and such payment would be proof of conspiracy in contempt. The strikers and their leaders are saying nothing and the mines are doing nothing. The states or the national government may take over the operation of the mines in an emergency, but the authorities shrink from that as being what the political shysters are too ready to call Bolshevism.

It is an ugly situation, but one that is natural. A technical, tricky response is made by the miners to a technical, tricky governmental dealing with the strike, ignoring the grievances of the workers. The government action hobbled the miners but left the operators free. It took away the miners' only means of compelling justice and has provided nothing in its place. Coercion is thus brought to bear upon the workers but not upon the bosses. The government's "neutrality" is benevolent towards the operators but hostile towards the workers; how hostile we realize when we read that the law brought to bear to stop the strike was a law passed on the explicit declaration of a sen-

ator, speaking for the Secretary of Labor, that it did not and would not be construed as applying to strikes and peaceful picketing. The miners give trick for trick, bad faith for bad faith. The government's course ranges it on the side of the operators, and that the miners may well be pardoned for calling unfair. The right to strike is forbidden, regardless of the facts upon which the strike was based. The miners can arbitrate only when they have surrendered their power to enforce their demands. They are ordered back to work, but the operators are not ordered to start up their mines.

The government has dealt with this matter lopsidedly and the miners have reason to doubt its good faith. They feel that the attorney general has so contrived things as to "put them in bad" with the court of public opinion and they non-resistantly imply that the court has ordered the men back to work; let it enforce its order.

The government owes it to the mass of the people to see that they get coal. How is it going to do this? It doesn't care for the matters at issue. What is it doing to bring the controversy to adjustment? Nothing so strenuous as it has done to tie the hands, stop the mouths and lock up the funds of the miners. It has called a conference, but it doesn't propose to make the operators operate. They are not to be coerced into compromise. They are called to negotiate with their opponents governmentally gagged and bound. The government has forced the miners under the Lever act, but it has no such leverage—at least does not employ it—against the operators. The miners fight in the only way they can fight—by refraining from work in their capacity as individuals. The operators "duck" a general agreement as to wages and hours, holding out for agreements in different districts, to break the strike piecemeal.

Surely the government has bungled this thing. It has intervened without conclusive effect. It has no machinery with which to settle the strike. All it has done is to take the operators' side and swat the workers. It doesn't even go into the facts of the dispute. The government goes with the employers against the employees, and even then doesn't relieve the whole public of the menace of a coalless winter. We should have coal. The government should see that we get it, and this without snap judgment that gives the workers the worst of it. The public has an interest in the mining privilege. It has none in the miner's labor. The operators need bringing to task as much as, if not more than, the miners. As the government has dealt with the workers in this matter no one can see much prospect of the diminution of industrial unrest. It begins to look as if the government is too thoroughly Garyized to be able to work out justice as between master and man. What the country needs is a fair court for the trial of such issues. No more punishing the workers first and hearing their cause afterward, if at all. A fair government can depend upon the obedience of its citizens. An unfair government—but let us say nothing that will bring the espionage act into play against us.

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Mr. Plumb and His Plan

If any MIRROR reader is ever in the neighborhood of a meeting to be addressed by Glenn E. Plumb, author of the Plumb plan for carrying on the railroads, I advise that the opportunity to hear Plumb be not neglected. I heard him the other day at the City Club

and he is a treat both for matter and for manner. He has no airs. There is nothing "rapt" or consecrated about him. He is in good feeling towards the world and the expression of his face is a mingling as of good humor and a kind of surprise or wonder at everything. There is no dryness in his aspect. When he goes at his subject he catches you with his first sentence and never lets you go. Every sentence hangs on the one preceding it and his argument is like a demonstration of a theorem in Euclid. His mind works like a time lock safe. The bolts drop or draw with a mechanical precision and the thought processes are as regular as the ticking of a clock. From general propositions of economic principle he works along to the application of those to facts and figures. He may pause a moment here and there to throw in a little joke, but he never wanders from the track. When he has posited a general proposition he works it out into relation with practical details and then comes around to the beginning as the demonstrated conclusion. His basic idea is that the railroads shall be run in fairness to labor, to capital and to the public. What is wrong, he says, is that the public and labor get the worst of it. He declares for example that the public is still paying to capital interest upon the value of the lands given to the railroads by the government. The roads have capitalized the public gifts to them and are making the public pay for their gifts not alone in rates, but in dividends. The railroads are public highways. As such the public have an interest in them, but that interest is ignored in management. The interest of labor is likewise ignored. The railroads are a private interest exploiting a public property. Mr. Plumb would give all interests a part in running the roads, though I take it he thinks the capitalists have long ago got out of roads all that's coming to them and anything else they may get in future will be given only to save the trouble of taking everything away from them.

What his plan is can best be summarized as operation at cost under joint labor and public management. Therefore the first thing to do is to find out what the railroads cost, eliminating such things as what the railroads charge us for the values we have given them, the graft of buying supplies and feeders from corporations and firms organized within the circle of the management, and all that sort of thing. Once the railroads have been honestly valued there is no difficulty in determining rates of service, and as labor is the largest participant in service it should have a strong say in administration. The public are stockholders in the public highways and they should not be charged rather than given dividends upon their investment. Their own property should not be made an instrument to tax them. When the value of the plant is known and the cost of operation is known, too, the problem is simply one of adjusting the cost of service to the cost of operation, with due regard, of course, to something in the way of profit for management. As the cost of operation decreases rates decrease. As profits go above a certain reasonable percentage rates come down. Wages must fluctuate in accordance with changing conditions, too. But the workers must be in a position to know the details of the railroads' affairs, so they can take care of their own interests and not be compelled to take anyone else's word for the conditions that affect the wage. They must have a say in fixing their own pay. They help in the service. They are entitled to return upon their invested labor. The public as partner will have a look-in and it will see to it

that it doesn't pay big wages to workers and then pay the wages again in increased cost of service and general cost of living. Capital is to get what it is entitled to on the stored labor it has put in the roads, but it must be real capital, or stored labor, and not stock bonuses and arbitrarily increased valuations of property on which dividends are to be earned. The Plumb plan would take all the water and the graft out of railroad valuation. It would, according to Mr. Plumb, do away with the paying of dividends upon money never put into the enterprises. The railroads would earn what they earn upon a valuation that is actually there, and for service actually rendered. Profits would be divided between labor, the capitalist administration and the public. The latter would receive its share in decreased cost of improved service.

As Mr. Plumb presents all this much more clearly. No one can deny at least that the end sought is to be approved. I am aware that there are critics who say that Mr. Plumb's plan would not conduce to that end, that labor would hog everything and that the real end would be a bankrupt railway system. The answer to which is that the old plan of operating railroads has wound up in bankrupt systems and bankruptcy neither from too high wages nor too costly service, but from what may generally be called high-financial graft. If we can't trust labor to pay itself, why continue to trust the capitalists to pay themselves? I must say that so far as I know anything of the Plumb plan, the Cummins plan and the Esch plan of post-bellum railroad reorganization nad reconstruction, the Plumb plan appears to be the best of the three, though I admit that the state of the public mind at present is not such as to cause it to regard with favor any proposal that would give to labor any opportunity to be more domineering than the public now believes it to be. Likewise, the public's experience with government administration of railroads is such as to cause the public in the main to incline towards the running of the railroads without any suspicion of government operation. But the public has no chance to listen to Mr. Plumb's presentation of his case. It is a fascinating, almost an enchanting performance in the art of exposition, without a particle of the usual oratorical machinery of the demagogue.

The Plumb plan embodied in the Simms railroad bill is side-tracked. The Cummins bill has the right of way in the Senate, the Esch bill has passed the House. The two bills will have to be threshed out in a conference committee of both houses. The Plumb plan has little chance now. It is a labor plan and labor temporarily is out of favor. The whole railroad situation will be critical very shortly. The roads are to go back to the owners at the first of the year, and they must be returned in substantially the same condition as they were in when taken. Whether this implies the continuance of the present guarantee may be questioned. It would hardly be fair to return the roads bankrupt. The time is brief, so brief that it seems unlikely that the transfer can be properly prepared for by either the government or the roads. The roads must be kept going not only now but after their restoration to their owners. Agreement between the advocates of the Cummins and Esch bills is not going to be easily reached. In the period during which the issue between House and Senate on those bills is being debated there may be a hearing for the Plumb plan and then the public will discover that the Plumb plan is not the soviet proposal some of the big daily papers have made it out to be.

There is a big organization, of which the Railway Brotherhoods are only a part, backing the Plumb plan and when this organization gets busy the members of Congress will begin to consider the proposal. It is no scattering, sophomoric, fanciful, theoretic proposal, either, but is thought out down to the remotest ramifying detail of the railroad business. The Plumb plan bill may not pass but some of its principles will almost certainly get into the measure that will finally be adopted. The railroads will not go back to their former owners without some strong traces of the thinking of Mr. Glenn E. Plumb, and his plan will be an issue in politics even after the Congress compromises on a blend of the Cummins and Esch bills modified by the Plumb theory of public ownership under labor participation in management by labor operation.



Shall Greenwich Village Secede?

SHALL Greenwich Village secede from the United States? It may. The Village is the home of the free spirit. That free spirit has been outraged. The population of the Village that believes in art for art's sake and to the devil with all things else is contemplating a general strike. It will shut up shop and go "on vacation" if something is not done to right is grievous wrongs. The poets and artists and philosophers who dwell in this realm who do as they darn please are seething with discontent.

A base Philistine bourgeois government has struck them right where they live. It is all along of prohibition. All the Villagers are "conscientious objectors" to prohibition. They refuse to be conscripts of enforced sobriety. They have always held that the best of life is but intoxications. They say with Baudelaire, "Let us be drunk on wine, on love, on thought, on art—what you will." The creative impulse is but a divine jag. Wine is but the symbol of those other intoxications that recreate and beautify a drab existence. The curse of life is inhibitions. And prohibition is worse than any inhibition. The agony of existence is the suppressed wish. And here is the government suppressing every wish that anybody can possibly have. There is so much suppression that the only cure is an explosion. Will it come? It may.

What brings all the suppressed wishes, thoughts, desires, aspirations and emotions to almost the explosion point is the fact that the Mayor of Greenwich Village is in jail and must stay there for thirty days. The mayor is Barney Gallant, erstwhile known here as a picturesque philosophical anarchist. Once he was the publicity agent for the Carranza government. Then he was an organizer for the I. W. W. Later he was identified in some way with the Russian revolution. He has labored at the promotion of intelligent discontent all the way from Kansas City to Brooklyn, worked everywhere from the stockyards to the local room of the New York Times. He has beaten his way across the country "riding the rods," and he has traveled in solitary grandeur in his own compartment, riding on two tickets just as if he were a corpse. He speaks nine languages, including Anheuser-Busch and Schlitz and Pabst. Up to a short time ago he was the proprietor of the Greenwich Village Inn and the impressario of the Greenwich Village Theater. He was a precinct and ward worker for Tammany Hall after an experience as confidential man for Big Bill Haywood in Chicago. As the boniface of the Inn he was the one sure mark for a "touch" in the Village. He could always fix the cabby to get a patron home.

He isn't bigger than a minute, but he could butt into the fiercest kind of a scrimmage and stop the disturbance and he could talk down anybody in an argument. He knew how to console the girls deserted by their lovers and the lovers deserted by their girls. He could always dig up a story for the journalist out to do something full of local color. He had all the good characteristics of a political boss. He was the friend of everybody who was otherwise friendless and sometimes had to stay up all night because he had filled up his bed with fellows who were too "tired" to go home. The Village was and is fond of him. Why, Barney would listen to the Villagers' poems and go to exhibitions of their pictures, and nobody in all the land was more proficient in the lingo of "the social revolution." But as he went along he gathered in a little money, on which almost anybody had a claim.

Barney was flourishing when prohibition came. What did he care for prohibition? It was against his principles. He didn't believe in law anyhow. With a little tact and good fellowship anybody could get by the law. The Village Inn ran along under the war-time prohibition regime as if there were no such thing. At the Inn you could get anything you ordered and you could get it even after the closing up hour. Dessicated New York turned to the Inn after nightfall as the bird to the tree. And then one night the internal, or infernal, revenue men swooped upon the Inn and gathered in Barney and three of his adjutants who were selling hand over fist most joyously. Incidentally Barney got a bump on the head with a night stick that raised a lump like an alligator-pear just over his shell-like ear. He and his help were haled to the police station and would have been locked up if Barney hadn't dug up a roll of money that would have choked a rhinoceros and deposited it as bail. The Village couldn't believe that Barney had been arrested. But it had to believe worse than that later, for he was not only arrested, but tried and sent to jail.

Barney's trial was not much as a trial, but it was a magnificent Gallantian "gesture." He told the court that he alone was guilty of selling booze. He would plead guilty if his subordinates and employees were allowed to go free. This was a reversal of form for a liquor seller. Usually the proprietor has his employees as "fall guys." They sell the liquor. He takes the coin. The employees serve the time. Barney Gallant would have none of that. Those men were his agents. They acted under his orders. If anyone went to jail it should be himself. He wasn't sorry for what he had done. Prohibition was an infamy. All law was an interference with the free spirit.

The judge let the other fellows off and Barney went to jail for thirty days. He is there now. He supplies all his fellow prisoners with cigarettes. He lectures to them on his social philosophy. He reads to them out of all kinds of sociological books. He tells them of the great and the near great he has known, statesmen, poets, novelists, prize fighters, hoboes, yeggs, gonophs, dips, shillabers and all the rest of it. He is the most popular man in prison and has a good time generally. He is the only liquor seller in New York who has gone to jail. He has gone there on principle. His incarceration is his protest against prohibition, as Roger Baldwin's was against conscription and war generally. He is the wets' one and only martyr. He won't let anybody try to get him out under a writ of habeas corpus. And he has gone on his own kind of hunger strike. He won't eat the jail grub. All his food is sent in from the

outside. The Greenwich Villagers supply him everything from casaba melon to *papabote* from the French restaurants. He wears a dressing gown that looks like a magician's robe in a play and he holds receptions for the literati who haunt the Village.

Meanwhile the Inn is as dry as the bones in Ezekiel's valley, and revelry is heard no more in Sheridan Square. The New York Times had a story three-quarters of a column long the other day reciting the details of Barney's sacrifice for the cause of personal liberty. There he "languishes" in quod while everybody knows that there is liquor selling going on in every block of the metropolis. He suffers for the whole booze-dispensing contingent. To the Villagers he is the hero of the free spirit, the victim of that arch enemy of art and life—respectability. *Rudolphe* and *Mimi* mourn for him and Bobby Edwards plunks a threnody for him on his ululatory ukelele. The great liquor interest does nothing for him. The brewers do not try to "spring" him. Those who know where they can get the booze go to that place and guzzle it, forgetful of the man who is in durance vile because he holds sacred the right to drink and to serve drinks to the thirsty.

The Villagers see all this and grieve. But they do more than grieve. They meditate a general strike in protest against the incarceration of Gallant. They propose to make the strike a sort of *fete galante*. They will parade and they will listen to oratory and they will "resolute" in his behalf. They will call on the cooks and waiters to rise against their oppressors. All the brainy Bolsheviks from the editorial offices of the *Nation*, the *Dial*, the *New Republic*, the *Call* and the *Liberator* will deliver addresses setting forth the facts about the crisis. For it is a crisis. The Village talks of seceding from the city, state and nation and setting up a republic of its own on the general principles upon which *Sancho Panza* administered his kingdom. The Village will not arbitrate. It has nothing to arbitrate. Barney Gallant must be free. That or nothing. The question is whether all the other toppers and toss-pots of Gotham will join the demonstration for the release of the only man who has been sent to jail for violating the law against war-time prohibition. The next breeze that comes to us from the East may bring to our ears the resounding clash of arms. Gallant may be the revolution, like Napoleon. He may be the Lenine of the Greenwich Village Soviet. The womb of the future is pregnant with sensational possibilities. Most oppressed of all small peoples are Greenwich Villagers. They want self-determination as to liquor. They want their gallant leader released. Meanwhile, in his prison cell he sits, serene above the battle, a calm at the heart of storm, the one conspicuous victim thus far of the dry tyranny. The Village broods a cataclysm. The Village Inn is closed. The children of the free spirit are too dry for tears. Their sighs siphon their hearts of the black dregs of woe. Art and joy and love are dust and ashes. The Village suffers with Barney Gallant. Will it avenge him? New York is mobilizing its police reserves.

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He Does Not Love His Country

THERE is a man out in Socorro, New Mex., who confesses to be experiencing great difficulty in loving his country as he is constantly adjured to do from press and platform. His name is A. H. Raynolds. He has written me some letters explaining why he can not work up any patriotism, and sends me references as to his being otherwise all right.

The references are to banks in his neighborhood. He must be a good man who can give you bank references without batting an eye. All bankers are patriotic. Mr. Raynolds is bitter. "Not long ago," he writes, "I saw, in the *Saturday Evening Post* a statement to this effect: 'the government is a crook and the press its accomplice.' Those are my sentiments founded on an experience of forty-two years." He encloses to me his "case" as presented by that well-known publicist, Mr. Herbert Quick, in the *El Paso Democrat* in July, 1916. Mr. Quick's article is entitled, "Is the Government Not Even Honest?" Mr. Quick is now a part of the government. He is connected with the Farm Loan Department, I believe.

Mr. Quick tells how, over forty-two years ago, a young man was appealed to by an officer of the United States army for money to assist in keeping the soldiers in the field to protect the people against Indians. That officer, First Lieutenant C. A. Johnson, 14th Infantry, had to have hay, grain, feed and transportation of supplies to the men at the Red Cloud Indian agency. This officer made his appeal to Mr. A. H. Raynolds, "then a young man full of hope, reasonably successful and a patriot." Raynolds came across, as we say now. He helped the United States with his money and took a voucher for nearly \$3,000, almost all his savings—and was ruined thereby. The government has never repaid him. Raynolds says: "The government has my money and has had it for forty-two years—since May 27, 1877. It is rich, I am poor. It had the hay, grain and feed and my savings, too. I hate a thief. Why should I not hate the government of the United States?"

When he bought this voucher, Mr. Raynolds was about to invest his money in Denver property. His brothers invested their savings and became rich. He bought some property there with what money he had left for his payments and lost not only all the money he had advanced to the United States, but all the rest. The government deprived him not only of the fortune he had but the chance to make another. The ordinary patriotic citizen will wonder how such a thing could happen. The answer is delightfully simple.

The thing happened through a technicality under which the War Department rules that claims cannot, without an act of Congress, be paid after the expiration of the fiscal year for which the appropriation is made. The Raynolds voucher was made out in May, 1877. Owing to delays incident to frontier conditions Mr. Raynolds did not present the voucher until after the end of the fiscal year. Then he was told that an act of Congress was necessary if he would get his money back.

The government has never denied the justice and validity of Mr. Raynolds' claim. But Congress has never passed the act necessary to his reimbursement. Some one always objects and it seems that an objection is always fatal to the Raynolds relief bill. Raynolds has never discovered why the objection interposes to keep him out of his money. What he suspects or imagines as to the influences which keep him out of his just due might read now like the ravings of a Bolshevik. "I am told there are thousands of such cases," says Mr. Herbert Quick. Then there must be thousands of men feeling towards their own government just as Mr. Raynolds feels. "This is no civil war claim," says Mr. Raynolds. "In 1877 that war was well over. I could pay the United States no higher com-

pliments than cashing its paper on the Black Hills frontier forty-two years ago—and it hit me below the belt for doing it. From Senator Teller to Senator Catron, by way of some twenty congressmen, I have been turned down, pigeon-holed, ignored from session to session, and there is no other way to get my due except by special order from the White House to pay \$684—and it is impossible to reach the President by ordinary means." And then Mr. Raynolds refers me to his banks, reminding me incidentally that the purchasing power of the dollars he gave the government in 1877 was higher than that of the dollars today.

As to possible motives behind the objections to the passage of and recovery for Mr. Raynolds' relief, I say nothing, knowing nothing. If the government, as Mr. Quick says, does not dispute the justice of the Raynolds' claim what reason can there be for the refusal of Congress to vote him the money during forty years? Who can blame this old man for saying, as Mr. Quick quotes him, "Why shall I not hate the government of the United States?" The story is enough to make others ashamed of a great government that can permit such a long-continuing wrong. The wrong should be righted. Is there no one in the Senate or House of Representatives who will undertake to see that it is righted?

Pins for Wings

By Emanuel Morgan

SARA TEASDALE

ONE hand throws away a pearl
Rounded by an oyster,
The other clings to a pebble,
Rounded by the sea.

✧

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

A rainbow
In a crab-apple tree.

✧

GEORGE STERLING

From a scarlet bowl
He feeds the smallness of life
To the largeness of words.

✧

WITTER BYNNER

The people
In an easy chair.

✧

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

A grave-digger
Thinking it over.

✧

EZRA POUND

A rhythmic busybody
Announcing himself busy.

✧

RUPERT BROOKE

Hermes
With little winged fungi
Where the marble ankle was.

✧

JOHN SYNGE

A shillelah
Dreaming.

✧

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Digging with palm-leaves,
She buries a trumpet
In Oxford.

(To be Continued.)

The Seravido Money

By John Amid

OLD Paul Seravido was bedridden. From their deep hollows his restless eyes caught at the moving objects in the room: the nurse, rearranging the flowers on the little table beside the bed; his niece, Maria; a dancing spot of sunlight, reflected from the water in a basin, which Maria had just put down. Through his thin, hooked nose the old man breathed noisily.

Maria paused at the door, resting her work-worn hands on her angular hips. Her eyes narrowed for an instant as her glance rested suspiciously on the trim figure of the nurse, then went to the face of the old man, propped up among his pillows. For the fraction of a second his roving gaze met her sharp look, which instantly dropped to the floor. Then, as though detected in some evil act, she left the room.

"He's liable to live a year yet!" she told her husband irritably, coming upon him in the stuffy little living room down stairs, and first taking the precaution of closing the door behind her.

Awkwardly the man straightened up, lifting a big foot, shod in a heavy working shoe, from a cheap, fragile chair. The movement called attention to itself, arousing Maria's instant ire.

"Henry Jervis! If you go to puttin' your big dirty feet on my furniture, I'm goin' to lock the front room on you!" Henry Jervis, big, slow-moving, and lazily good-natured, was resting comfortably through the afternoon of one of his many "unemployed" days. Ignoring his wife's threat, save by drawing his feet cautiously beneath his chair, he replied to her first remark.

"Aw, 'taint goin' to be as long as that, likely!" he expostulated, in his thick, easy-going way, striving to keep his voice low, and coming close to an unintelligible growl as the result. "'Taint likely to be that bad! There'll be money left, when he's gone!"

Maria dusted off the seat of the frail chair, set it beyond the reach of her husband's feet, and then spoke in a low voice:

"He signed it, all right. I seen it, on the little table with the pen and ink, when I took in the basin of fresh water. It was half unfolded, for the ink to dry. She'd signed, as witness." She jerked her head at an angle, to indicate the nurse, whom they could hear moving about in the patient's room, upstairs. "And him." A nod toward the street told her husband that she referred to the threadbare young lawyer who had left the house a few minutes before. "If he dies this month"—a calculating look came into her eyes—"there oughta be four-five thousand left, easy, when everythin's paid." She closed her thin lips firmly, with a sigh of triumphant satisfaction. "Tony won't git a red cent."

A heavy step sounded on the porch, and the door-bell, in the front hall, jangled noisily.

"There he is, now!" exclaimed Maria, in a low voice; "that's his step." A gleam of satisfaction came into her eyes as she went to let the visitor in. "Too late!"

Anthony Seravido was round and fat where his cousin was dark and angular. Small eyes, set close together, glittered greedily in his red face.

"How's Uncle Paul?" he demanded, in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, as though he were already in the presence of death.

"Oh, so-so," returned Maria, indifferently; "you c'n go right on up if you want. The nurse's up there."

Tony mounted the stairs, following her directions. Maria returned to her husband in the front room, leaving the door ajar. She sat down stiffly on the frail chair. Both listened intently for the sounds that came from above.

For several moments they could hear only the murmur of voices, as the customary commonplaces were said. Then there followed a protracted silence.

"He's seen the will!" Maria hazarded to her husband, in a whisper, "an' they're lettin' him read it!"

That her surmise was correct was indicated by the vehement expostulation and argument that succeeded the silence. Tony, disappointed, exasperated beyond his small margin of self-control at the final shock of having his hopes of sharing in the distribution of the Seravido money dashed, was venting his feelings in upbraiding the invalid:

Wasn't it clear to the world that Maria was only trying to get the money for herself? That was where all her pretended cordiality came from. That was why she had been so anxious to take him in and care for him herself, even protesting against the expense of a nurse! She wanted the money, that was all—wanted to keep it away from him, Anthony Seravido—wanted to keep it away from those who bore the Seravido name, the rightful heirs, the deserving nephew and his suffering family! She had been fooling him! She had played him for a sucker! That was it—played him for a sucker, with her professed affection!

From below, Maria bounded up the stairs as the sounds from the bedroom became tumultuous. Old Uncle Paul, roused beyond his strength, attempted to refute his nephew's charges, interrupting the diatribe again and again with his shrill voice of aged anger. The nurse, as Maria hurried into the room, was attempting to exert her authority and put Tony out of the room. Between them, the two women hustled him through the door. Then Maria went with him downstairs, while the nurse returned to her charge.

As soon as she had seen her cousin safely from the house, Maria, telling Henry to go back into the front room and keep quiet, hurried again to the bedroom. She found the old man trembling violently, in the reaction that had succeeded his paroxysm of rage. "There, there!" the nurse was saying, trying to quiet him; "think no more about it."

Gradually Uncle Paul became relaxed once more, finally dropping off again into a weak, troubled slumber.

"It'll be a wonder if this doesn't finish him off entirely!" said the nurse, in a low voice, as Maria prepared to leave the room. "He may never even wake up again!" Maria tiptoed quickly downstairs into the front room again.

"There's the time Cousin Tony cooked his own goose that might have laid the golden egg!" she told Henry, in jubilant exhortation of her cousin's shortcomings. "He tried to scold the old man into making a new will, the fat rat! Instead, he only got 'im all shook up, and like to die!" Overcome by the nervous tension that she had been undergoing, she laughed hysterically. "God! I hope he does!"

She checked herself abruptly, noting the shocked expression on her husband's face, and turned. Then she gasped in dismay, fearing that her impious wish had been overheard; she had neglected to close the door behind her.

Cautiously, she made her way upstairs, and again entered the sick-room, seeking to ascertain whether or not her callous remark had been caught by the old man. The nurse had gone out into the small bath-room adjoining the bed chamber.

Paul Seravido lay as she had last seen him, his old eyes closed. With a sigh of relief that all was still well, Maria backed quietly away from the door. Then, for an instant, she stopped, transfixed; was it only the imagination of disordered nerves, or had she really seen that eyelid flicker suddenly, as on a child, pretending sleep? She coughed, discreetly. The old man gave no sign. Uneasy, Maria descended the stairs.

"It's all right," she told Henry Jervis, shortly,

assuming a confidence that she did not feel. He's asleep, and the nurse is in the bath-room."

Probably it would make no difference anyway. she assured herself, trying fiercely, but vainly, to offset the troublesome impression caused by that fluttering eyelid.

The following morning the old man seemed no worse for his excitement of the preceding afternoon, but the nurse shook her head gravely. "He's too old for that sort of thing, and too far gone," she said. "Now, he's making things worse by wanting that lawyer-man again."

Maria took hold of the door-knob, so that the nurse would not see her hand tremble. Through the dragging hours of the forenoon she held herself sternly in check, refusing to believe that her cousin's harangue and her own unguarded sentences in the front room should have undone all the work of her diplomatic efforts during the past weeks. She told her husband nothing of her fears.

The shabby lawyer came and went, and in the afternoon came again, with the document that he had typed. Maria, straining her ears to catch every word, heard the nurse expostulate with the man at the bedroom door. "He's too weak," she protested; "I told you he's liable to drop off at any time."

The lawyer waited outside the door, but when the doctor came, in answer to the nurse's summons, was admitted with the man of medicine.

Soon after he tiptoed down the stairs, alone, and left the house, closing the front door softly behind him.

A few minutes later the doctor went out, quietly. Then the nurse came to Maria.

"He's gone," she said.

When opportunity offered, Maria went upstairs, swiftly and silently. Old Paul Seravido was lying precisely as she had seen him the day before, as if asleep. But this time there was no suspicion of pretence. Those eyelids would never flutter again.

Maria went to the bedside, putting her hand to her throat, resisting an impulse to scream. Resting in the old man's hand was a typed paper, folded. On his face was a look of amused contentment, as though death's first act had been to tell him a good joke. He seemed about to chuckle.

With muscles tense, Maria bent over the bed, turned down an edge of the folded paper in old Paul Seravido's hand. She pressed her teeth together grimly. The document, as she had suspected from the instant her eyes rested upon it, fascinated, was a new will. She noted only the first lines; that was enough. Where in the earlier paper her own name had appeared, she now read that of Anthony Seravido.

Again she resisted an almost uncontrollable desire to scream aloud. Instead, she moved cautiously from the room. She told no one of what she had seen. Not even her husband. When next she came into the bedroom the paper had been removed from the dead man's hand. Only the nurse, Maria reflected, and the lawyer, possibly the doctor, knew of its existence, and what it meant.

Bitterly, she resolved to act swiftly. She had played for big stakes—the little legacy of five thousand dollars seemed a great fortune. She had lost. But she might at least be able to keep her cousin from enjoying the results of his success in foiling her. She would show him!

She busied herself throughout the succeeding day. With the undertaker, she made all the arrangements personally, selecting a gorgeous casket. She arranged for the purchase of a large lot in the burying ground, and the erection of a costly monument. Did not the will stipulate that only the balance remaining after all funeral expenses were paid would go to the lucky heir?

Shrewdly she calculated, gauging the amount that yet remained of the old man's modest fortune. It would be an empty victory, this victory that had come to Tony, and of which he would learn only when the new will would be read. He would learn

once more, and to his cost, that Maria was not one to be trifled with!

The funeral drew much attention.

"Ah," the neighbors said, watching enviously, as the great motor hearse, with its waving black plumes, moved slowly away from the small house; "we have indeed misjudged Maria! She brought old Paul here because of the love she bore him, and not merely to secure his money, as we thought, else, why should she squander all his wealth on this great pomp?"

After the funeral, in the office of the shabby little lawyer, the old man's will was read. Anthony and his wife, in heavy black, were hoping for at least a little something, but expecting nothing. Henry Jervis, frowning, was still trying to puzzle out the reasons for Maria's strange insistence on all the expenses attendant upon the burial. But even he didn't imagine how much the ceremony had cost. Before reading the document the lawyer made a short statement, explaining that the fortune of the deceased had not been a large one, and to his knowledge the funeral expenses had been very heavy, so that the beneficiaries of the will would receive practically nothing. Then he began to read.

Maria kept her eyes on her cousin Anthony's face, watching to see incredulous amazement fade into chagrin as the full realization of his loss dawned upon him. Instead, as she caught the words that the lawyer was droning in a sing-song voice, she felt suddenly that she was stifling, that she was about to choke.

"But—but—" she interrupted, hoarsely, "the other one: It was in his hand when he died!" They all looked at her in amazement. Then the little lawyer smiled tolerantly. "The second will was drawn up," he explained, "but never executed. Mr. Seravido died without signing it."

Circumlocutions

By Horace Flack

III.—CONCERNING MODEL MAN.

"One stone suffices at most, if you're destined to deal with Goliath;

While he is making his boast, wait, and be sure of your aim."

"*Sub verba nullius*" is Latin for the mistake you are making if you are trying to imitate a Model Man. There are no model men in this country. Nor in any other country. There never have been. There never will be.

You may make one mistake worse than that of trying to imitate a model man. You may! That is you might or could, if you would. But (observe the mood as the subjunctive) if you could or would, you certainly should not try to be a model man yourself. It is the most pernicious habit of modern times as it was of ancient times, and all other times.

You may start a movement, or found a school, or get on the platform under the spotlight, with ease. If you are determined to be greatly admired, you can learn to turn a dozen handsprings in succession. You can start a movement by pointing at some one two blocks off, giving a whoop and starting to run towards him. You will have a crowd with you before you cross the street for the first block. It will keep on with you and keep on growing as long as you are heading the movement. If you are not admired enough on this account, you may become the clown who turns a somersault over six elephants in a one-ring circus, and if this does not satisfy you, you can rise to be ringmaster, with a whip you can crack as loudly as you please. You may even turn the circus into a three-ring International, Unprecedented Aggregation of World Wonders and boss it all at once. But you will still be as far from being a model fit for any one else to imitate as Louis Napoleon was when

he wrote a biography of Julius Caesar, and then crossed the Rubicon himself in the belief that he could dominate Europe and America in a new world empire with its capitol in Paris.

While he supposed he was starting the American section in Mexico, he was mistaken for a model man to such an extent by so many Americans that the barbers were kept busy cultivating for their customers the "imperials" you can still find in the faded photographs of the "sixties." In the late "sixties," for one full, John Brown Kansas beard, you might have noted a dozen imperials, waxed at the ends, around the post-office corners on Sunday morning. But before the close of the "seventies," you might have found waxed imperials as rare as John Brown beards. If then you had concluded that neither Louis Napoleon nor John Brown was a model man, you would have been right, historically, intellectually and morally. Then, if you wished to be conclusive (a very dangerous habit), you might have concluded that as the spread of the Louis Napoleon imperial from barbershop to barbershop around the world had its logical response in the John Brown beard, one John Brown beard accounts for more permanent history, as made outside of barber shops, than any score or hundred or hundred thousand Louis Napoleon imperials. But when both imperials and John Brown beards are out of fashion, who would call them back? Or either of them? Beware of both. "*Sub verba nullius*" means that. It also means that for any one who is determined to be a model man and dictate fashions for new eras in his own country and the world, the easiest and most profitable way may be found by addressing the Merchant Tailors' Association, National and International.

If you go back into history to find model men, "*sub verba nullius*" means that you would better not try to imitate David merely because of the picture you remember in which he is cutting off Goliath's head. "*Audi alteram partem*" means read the whole of his biography, including what he did while consorting with Border Ruffians in the Cave of Adullam, and more especially what he did after he succeeded in dethroning Saul, including the chapters on the way he shanghaied the Children of Israel after making up his mind to participate in world politics.

The whole truth about David is no more fit to print than it would be about any living Personage or Potentate who is undertaking to do something worse or harder than was ever done before to convince the world that he is the Model Man it has been waiting for. But David could use both a sling and a harp with the ease of the highest inspiration. There is no mistake about that. He knew how. Easy does it. You do not need to stand on your head. Or to ride a bucking broncho. Or to shoot with both hands at once. Or to learn to fly. Or to "specialize" until you have a string of degrees and titles after your name. Nothing of that kind will ever fit you for inspiration in the use of either a sling or a harp. And, if you are going to undertake to get the range on Goliath, inspiration is what you will have to have to locate a smooth, round stone from the brook exactly between his eyes. Easy does it, if it is ever to be done at all. So if you would rather play the harp than take your chances with Goliath (in which you may be very wise), now is the time to begin fitting yourself for inspiration you will never get until you know how to use it for all it is worth with the utmost ease. That takes time. Time is precious. Waste none of it in seeking model men for your masters on earth. Instead, go out at midnight on the first clear night. Bare your head. Find the pole star by the pointers in the dipper. Then orient yourself until you know your place as a man and what a man with no master on earth may do to fill his place.

Letters From the People

India from Another Angle

Easton, Md., 11 November, 1919.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Have you ever been in India? I assume that you have not for if you had studied its history and present condition on the spot I do not think you would have published the article, "The Case of India," in your Nov. 6 number. I lived in India fifteen months. I went there only to see and study the country. I learned the language, kept house with my own servants, joined a club and had my own checking account in a local bank. I could and did talk with all sorts of natives in their own language, so I was not dependent either on the European or the English speaking *babus* for any information. I found many things about the British rule to criticise but I do not think that the criticisms of Evelyn Roy are fair or warranted by the facts.

For instance she makes much of the low wages and cites as one of the hardships imposed by the government that it pays its native troops only \$3.00 per month, yet further on she admits that the average annual income of an Indian is only \$9.00 per year, so that the soldiers receive four times the annual income of an average Hindu. Now while wages are low it is an absolute fact that an Indian can support his family while working less days per month than an American laborer, or to put it another way, a day's work will produce more of the necessities of life in India than in the United States. This is largely due to the customs of the people and their environment. During the greater part of the year the costume consists only of a loin cloth. The diet is largely rice and wholly vegetable. The Hindu not only would not eat a porterhouse steak if it were to be had for nothing but in most parts of India a riot would occur if a cow were killed to be eaten even by Europeans.

I cannot attempt to call your attention to all the errors in the article, but will cite a few more: She says much about the pristine wealth and culture of the inhabitants but fails to state that those days were in the time of Queen Elizabeth and that when the British took possession of India that the whole country was divided into petty states that were continually at war with each other and that the British have made life and property secure. Moreover, while as

she states illiteracy is high, there is no proof or even probability that the people were ever better educated than they are now. She cites the high death rate, but says nothing about the wonderful system of government hospitals spread over the country where the natives are treated without cost. She talks of the famines and says they are due to poverty and not to food supply, but does not say that no famines have occurred since the government has taken up the building or rather rebuilding of the old irrigation works and installed a railroad system that permits internal transportation of food supplies. She says that the 23,915 deaths from snakes are due to the fact that "they had no arms to defend themselves from jungle terrors," but does not say that no Hindu would kill a snake or a mosquito. I once picked up a club to kill a venomous snake myself, but was stopped

by my Hindu bearer who put his hand on my arm and said "Master, please not kill." I let it go.

There is much to criticise in the British Raj both of omission and commission, but articles like that which mislead I think do harm rather than good.

H. F. De Puy.

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Opie Read's Convert

Times Square, New York,

November 11, 1919.

To the Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Vincent Starrett's delightful "appreciation" of Opie Read reminds me:

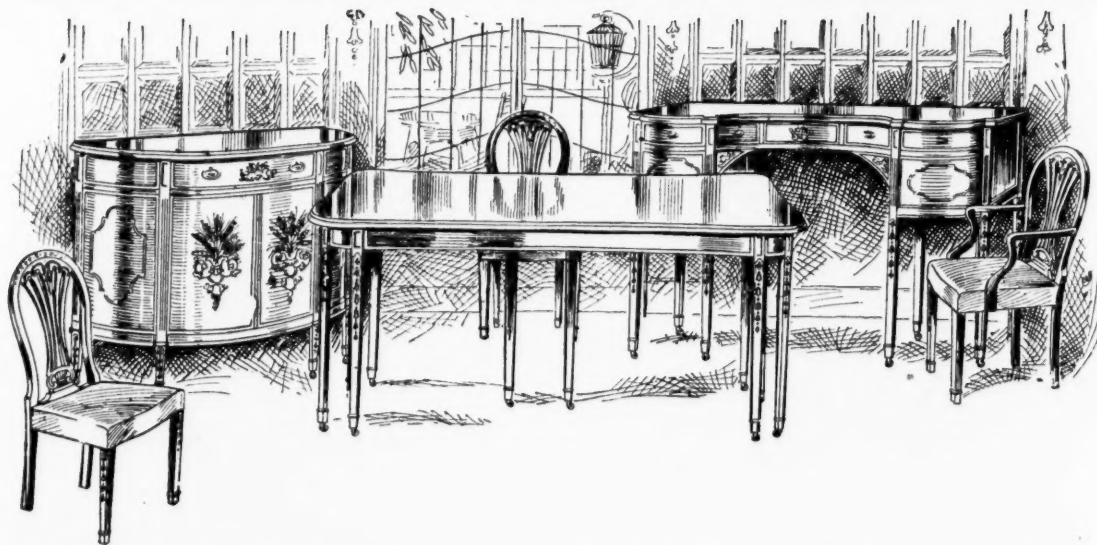
When I was a small boy I started 'round the house one June afternoon in Kentucky to tickle my mother's flower garden with a dull hoe; and there, sunning itself on the brick wall, was a short thick snake. I was too young to be afraid. I brought my hoe down brashly on the beastie's neck.



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"I'll kill you, by the Eternal!"

My voice carried through the open window of my father's study. My father was a Baptist minister. He came out and killed the snake, and then he took me into that awful sanctuary. Who had taught me, he asked, to say "by the Eternal"?

I explained breathlessly that *Old Man Jucklin* said it. The only thing he ever did that was wrong was to fight chickens. He read the Bible "from kiver to kiver." I could show it in the book.

My father, who was a just man, did not spank me. But he reproved my mother for letting me have "The Jucklins." He gave orders that I was to read nothing more of Opie Read's, and for years I obeyed that ruling. Then I read everything Read had written.

SILAS BENT.

An Author's Amend

641 N. Mayfield Ave.,

Chicago, Nov. 12, 1919.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Grant me, please, the privilege of a "Peccavi" note. Mr. Morrow has written me to say that it was James Hopper, not James Oppenheim, who was his pupil. The error occurred in my paper, "The Art of W. C. Morrow." The remarks otherwise still stand, and no writer, I think, need feel shame in having been called a pupil of W. C. Morrow. Yours, for accuracy,

VINCENT STARRETT.

Fireworks

By Amy Lowell

You hate me and I hate you,
And we are so polite, we two!

But whenever I see you, I burst apart
And scatter the sky with my blazing heart.

It spits and sparkles in stars and balls,
Buds into roses—and flares, and falls.

Scarlet buttons, and pale green disks,
Silver spirals and asterisks,
Shoot and tremble in a mist
Peppered with mauve and amethyst.

I shine in the windows and light up the trees,
And all because I hate you, if you please.

And when you meet me, you rend asunder

And go up in a flaming wonder
Of saffron cubes, and crimson moons,
And wheels all amaranths and maroons.

Golden lozenges and spades,
Arrows of malachites and jades,
Patens of copper, azure sheaves.
As you mount, you flash in the glossy leaves.

Such fireworks as we make, we two!
Because you hate me and I hate you.
(From "Pictures of the Floating World,"
Macmillan Co.)

The Art of Louis Couperus

By John Cowper Powys

PERSONS on the lookout for new literary emotions have been gradually becoming aware, during these desperate war days of a "still small voice," audible from the land of dykes and canals and tulips and windmills. After the thunder, silence—and in the silence the voice of Louis Couperus!*

The book we have now in our hands, translated by Teixeira de Mattos and published by Dodd, Mead & Co., is a kind of latter day sequel to those four extraordinary stories to which the author has given the title of "The Book of the Small Souls."

Small souls . . . that is indeed the word. They come whispering to us from those high-walled gardens and those dimly tapestried rooms. They come whispering to us from those ancient canal-bordered manor houses and those melancholy ancestral woods. They come pattering along the roads after us like the tap-tap-tap of little dried up dead leaves. They keep fumbling and beating, these troops of small lost souls, upon the closed shutters of our hearts. We hear them in the long-drawn wailing of the wind in the chimney.

Tiptoe they come sliding, pirouetting, minuetting out of the secluded recesses of their trim gardens, where, maybe the black tulip of ancient crime grows dark and strange among its bright companions. Carefully, oh, most carefully, are the iron gates of these little mansions closed. But the "small souls" cannot rest in their own citadels. Out they must come, whispering, rustling, fretting, peaking and pining, mumbling and mewling, making strange mouths at us from the twilight, nodding at us from behind the door posts and the lintels with the mocks and mews of the devil's own imps.

And yet how sad some of them are, how incurably sad! More like the drooping, wilted ghosts of faded flowers than like malicious goblins. As they come crowding round us, with their low incessant monotone of sighing, like the rustle of the wind over sea-marsh grasses, it is hard to think of them as evil. But what terrible memories they have! And how old, how frightfully old, some of them are!

It is difficult to say whether it is the old ones or the young ones, among these frail ghosts, that trouble us the more. The young ones are so pitiful, so frail. The burden of such infinite longings have exhausted them, of such unutterable suppressions. But the old ones . . . such as those who vex our sympathies and take the sweetness from our sleep in this particular book . . . what have they not hidden in their dried-up withered hearts?

Among the "Things That Pass" in this book is one most unforgettable thing. It has "passed" indeed, but the dark red stain of its infamy . . . *Hell Is Murky!*—is always there, on the floor of the inmost chambers of the mind. "Not all the perfumes of Arabia" can wash that stain away. And two old ones, the two old guilty ones, sit opposite each

other on their high-backed chairs and whisper in broken speech of little unimportant things. But all the while the thing that has "passed," and has left that "mark" behind it, nods and leers at them from out of its own place.

This book is entirely made up of little whispers and of little sighs. It is made up of all those intolerable unhappinesses that are never brought into the light, among comfortable people who have delicate food to eat and warm fires to sit by. For this is a book, you must remember, from the land of "artistic comfort," from the land of those unequalled "Interiors," full of guarded treasures, grown a little dim perhaps but kept so spotlessly clean, such as Peter de Hooch loved to linger over.

That is where the charm of the book is most felt. The rain forever on the roof, the hearts forever aching under the burden of their secrets, but the delicious warmth and comfort and security of a domestic life reduced to a veritable "art" softening and silencing everything, as the feet of those are silenced by heavy carpets who "carry their dead" out into the darkness by the light of flickering candles.

In no book we have ever read does the magic of the hearth fire . . . that center of bitter-sweet memories . . . hold us with so intimate a spell.

For all these things, these delicate little things of daily use and wear, along with those other things that "pass" and yet will not pass, are part and parcel of that long tragic ritual, which is the worship of life by man. "There were two lamps alight in the drawing room; and the old lady was sitting straight in her chair. Her eyes enormously dilated, stared from her head in tense dismay; her mouth remained open after the scream she had uttered and formed a dark cavity; and she held one arm up-lifted, pointing with an outstretched finger to the corner of the room, near the china closet. . . . 'Mevrouw, Mevrouw, what's the matter? Aren't you well?' Aren't you well?"

"There!" stammered the old woman. "There!" . . . "There!"

That is when one of the "things" that will not altogether "pass" comes up out of its grave. But the china closet is still in its place, those exquisite cups and saucers; and the fire light, from the polished hearth of "Dutch tiles," has not changed its warm domestic flicker. It is by reason of the fact that this traditional Dutch art of "interiors," by a sort of religious spirit of discrimination and selection, has softened away, far out of sight, all the crude harshnesses of Nature, that the old dark heathen hieroglyphics writ so deep in the hearts of men, show themselves, when they peep out, so grim and terrible.

Lucky indeed is Louis Couperus among our modern writers to have at his disposal, ready-made, and existent just there for so many centuries, an already softened and clarified "medium" through which the human drama can weave its pattern. Think of the cataclysm of elemental, mechanical, material forces, out of which the more delicate

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* *Old People and Things that Pass*.—Louis Couperus.

Letters From the People

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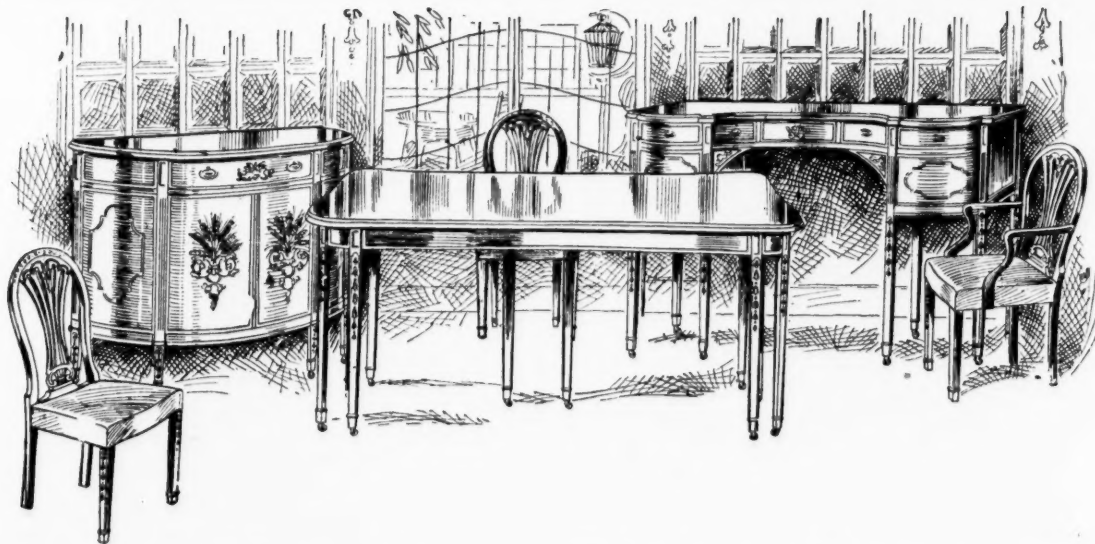
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I explained breathlessly that *Old Man Jucklin* said it. The only thing he ever did that was wrong was to fight chickens. He read the Bible "from kiver to kiver." I could show it in the book.

My father, who was a just man, did not spank me. But he reproved my mother for letting me have "The Jucklins." He gave orders that I was to read nothing more of Opie Read's, and for years I obeyed that ruling. Then I read everything Read had written.

SILAS BENT.

An Author's Amend

641 N. Mayfield Ave.,

Chicago, Nov. 12, 1919.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Grant me, please, the privilege of a "Peccavi" note. Mr. Morrow has written me to say that it was James Hopper, not James Oppenheim, who was his pupil. The error occurred in my paper, "The Art of W. C. Morrow." The remarks otherwise still stand, and no writer, I think, need feel shame in having been called a pupil of W. C. Morrow. Yours, for accuracy,

VINCENT STARRETT.

Fireworks

By Amy Lowell

You hate me and I hate you,
And we are so polite, we two!

But whenever I see you, I burst apart
And scatter the sky with my blazing heart.

It spits and sparkles in stars and balls,
Buds into roses—and flares, and falls.

Scarlet buttons, and pale green disks,
Silver spirals and asterisks,
Shoot and tremble in a mist
Peppered with mauve and amethyst.

I shine in the windows and light up the trees,
And all because I hate you, if you please.

And when you meet me, you rend asunder
And go up in a flaming wonder
Of saffron cubes, and crimson moons,
And wheels all amaranths and maroons.

Golden lozenges and spades,
Arrows of malachites and jades,
Patens of copper, azure sheaves,
As you mount, you flash in the glossy leaves.

Such fireworks as we make, we two!
Because you hate me and I hate you.
(From "Pictures of the Floating World,"
Macmillan Co.)

The Art of Louis Couperus

By John Cowper Powys

PERSONS on the lookout for new literary emotions have been gradually becoming aware, during these desperate war days of a "still small voice," audible from the land of dykes and canals and tulips and windmills. After the thunder, silence—and in the silence the voice of Louis Couperus!

The book we have now in our hands, translated by Teixeira de Mattos and published by Dodd, Mead & Co., is a kind of latter day sequel to those four extraordinary stories to which the author has given the title of "The Book of the Small Souls."

Small souls . . . that is indeed the word. They come whispering to us from those high-walled gardens and those dimly tapestried rooms. They come whispering to us from those ancient canal-bordered manor houses and those melancholy ancestral woods. They come pattering along the roads after us like the tap-tap-tap of little dried up dead leaves. They keep fumbling and beating, these troops of small lost souls, upon the closed shutters of our hearts. We hear them in the long-drawn wailing of the wind in the chimney.

Tiptoe they come sliding, pirouetting, minuetting out of the secluded recesses of their trim gardens, where, maybe the black tulip of ancient crime grows dark and strange among its bright companions. Carefully, oh, most carefully, are the iron gates of these little mansions closed. But the "small souls" cannot rest in their own citadels. Out they must come, whispering, rustling, fretting, peaking and pining, mumbling and mewling, making strange mouths at us from the twilight, nodding at us from behind the door posts and the lintels with the mocks and mews of the devil's own imps.

And yet how sad some of them are, how incurably sad! More like the drooping, wilted ghosts of faded flowers than like malicious goblins. As they come crowding round us, with their low incessant monotone of sighing, like the rustle of the wind over sea-marsh grasses, it is hard to think of them as evil. But what terrible memories they have! And how old, how frightfully old, some of them are!

It is difficult to say whether it is the old ones or the young ones, among these frail ghosts, that trouble us the more. The young ones are so pitiful, so frail. The burden of such infinite longings have exhausted them, of such unutterable suppressions. But the old ones . . . such as those who vex our sympathies and take the sweetness from our sleep in this particular book . . . what have they not hidden in their dried-up withered hearts?

Among the "Things That Pass" in this book is one most unforgettable thing. It has "passed" indeed, but the dark red stain of its infamy . . . *Hell Is Murky!*—is always there, on the floor of the inmost chambers of the mind. "Not all the perfumes of Arabia" can wash that stain away. And two old ones, the two old guilty ones, sit opposite each

other on their high-backed chairs and whisper in broken speech of little unimportant things. But all the while the thing that has "passed," and has left that "mark" behind it, nods and leers at them from out of its own place.

This book is entirely made up of little whispers and of little sighs. It is made up of all those intolerable unhappinesses that are never brought into the light, among comfortable people who have delicate food to eat and warm fires to sit by. For this is a book, you must remember, from the land of "artistic comfort," from the land of those unequalled "Interiors," full of guarded treasures, grown a little dim perhaps but kept so spotlessly clean, such as Peter de Hooch loved to linger over.

That is where the charm of the book is most felt. The rain forever on the roof, the hearts forever aching under the burden of their secrets, but the delicious warmth and comfort and security of a domestic life reduced to a veritable "art" softening and silencing everything, as the feet of those are silenced by heavy carpets who "carry their dead" out into the darkness by the light of flickering candles.

In no book we have ever read does the magic of the hearth fire . . . that center of bitter-sweet memories . . . hold us with so intimate a spell.

For all these things, these delicate little things of daily use and wear, along with those other things that "pass" and yet will not pass, are part and parcel of that long tragic ritual, which is the worship of life by man. "There were two lamps alight in the drawing room; and the old lady was sitting straight in her chair. Her eyes enormously dilated, stared from her head in tense dismay; her mouth remained open after the scream she had uttered and formed a dark cavity; and she held one arm up-lifted, pointing with an outstretched finger to the corner of the room, near the china closet. . . . 'Mevrouw, Mevrouw, what's the matter? Aren't you well?' Aren't you well?"

"There!" stammered the old woman. "There!" . . . "There!"

That is when one of the "things" that will not altogether "pass" comes up out of its grave. But the china closet is still in its place, those exquisite cups and saucers; and the fire light, from the polished hearth of "Dutch tiles," has not changed its warm domestic flicker. It is by reason of the fact that this traditional Dutch art of "interiors," by a sort of religious spirit of discrimination and selection, has softened away, far out of sight, all the crude harshnesses of Nature, that the old dark heathen hieroglyphics writ so deep in the hearts of men, show themselves, when they peep out, so grim and terrible.

Lucky indeed is Louis Couperus among our modern writers to have at his disposal, ready-made, and existant just there for so many centuries, an already softened and clarified "medium" through which the human drama can weave its pattern. Think of the cat-actylism of elemental, mechanical, material forces, out of which the more delicate

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* *Old People and Things that Pass*.—Louis Couperus.

play of feeling in American life, for instance, has to be dug up with grappling irons and hoisted with steel cranes.

And if the medium, out of which the grim passions of human life lift so stark and terrible heads, is a medium made up of a thousand ritualistic usages, what gives the thickness and weight to the aesthetic tapestry of this tale is the fatality of inheritance. Light as air may be the frail gossamer-souls of these feverish protected ones, but the great wind upon which they are tossed to and fro among their narrow streets is the same ultimate Destiny, the Fates, the Furies, the Eumenides, reaching down to us through the burden of heredity, as that which drove the House of Atreus into madness and brought "the topless towers of Ilium" into the dust.

After the thunder, fire and after the fire "a still small voice." It is not only because the "souls" of these people, thus bound together by the curse of inheritance, are small and frail and very weak, that the voice of this great Dutch writer is so hushed and low. It is because in this brawling world "where ignorant armies clash by night" the sounds that are low and faint are the sounds that are most suggestive. It is as though from submerged belfries outside those carefully built sea banks, beneath leagues of humming waters, these muffled voices reached us, wailing and tolling, tolling and wailing, quivering now and then with a terrible gaiety, sadder than any grief; and it is as though hearing that sound we became suddenly aware of the emptiness of the hollow brass and tinkling

cymbals wherewith the market places echo.

"Old people and things that pass" is not the best of these Couperus books, but it is the one in which the dark subterranean pressure of the Past, of the lives of our grandparents and great-grandparents upon our lives, comes most grimly to the surface.

What Couperus seems to suggest is that there is a real necessity here, woven of the threads, blood-stained or innocent, of the life tissues of those from whom we sprang. Against this Necessity the strongest of us strive in vain, and into its terrible pattern the weakest of us must weave our own wretched thread, that in its turn will discolor the lives of our descendants.

Tragic indeed is the resultant picture. And yet, as with all great artists, we are not left altogether without hope. The great Dutch writer seems to suggest that in the mere recognition of the fatality which binds us thus together, generation to generation, there is a certain release. We become conscious that our own ephemeral organism, itself so pitifully among "the things that pass," is only one living cell of that undying organism which is the human race itself.

The stories of Louis Couperus, therefore, with all their drifting processions of "sick souls" . . . for his books are really one great hospital for the incurable . . . put us into that sort of mood we may conceive the bystanders at the Pool of Bethesda to have experienced in the hour of "the troubling of the waters."

In the figure of the young *Dr. Adrian*, who does not enter into this particular tale, a quite definite "spirit of healing" moves among these unfortunates. But the true "angel" of the Hospice of Humanity, finally evoked by this artist, is not any definite human figure; nor, far less, is it any definite scheme of amelioration.

It is the awakening of the consciousness of solidarity in us all, the arousing of that mood in which we feel that there is not one single human being born into the world who does not bear the sins of the whole world, and there is not one sin committed by any dead or living person, the penalty of which will not be paid to the uttermost by the unborn, "even unto the third and four generation."

This is what we may well call "tragic;" but it is not the kind of tragedy which leaves us embittered and resentful. It is the kind of tragedy which leaves us scrupulous and "very careful" as we go about among our own. For not one of us but carries with him some secret bruise, not to be revealed, it may be, till he is stripped for his last journey; and there is not one of us who, when he touches that bruise roughly, does not set in motion cruel and terrible vibrations, which do not pass with "the things that pass."

The Desire of the Eye

Little Ben, who was very fond of beefsteak, passed his plate the other night at dinner for a second helping. "Why, Ben," said his uncle, "you mustn't eat any more meat. Don't you know," he consoled, "if you eat any more meat you might have a dream and see elephants and tigers and lions, and scorpions and panthers, and—" Ben grinned delightedly, "Gimme another piece," he begged. "I want to see all them things."

The daughter of the house was engaged in a desperate endeavor to drag conversation from the silent young man, when the pianola in the lounge began to play an air from one of Meyerbeer's operas. "Don't you love Meyerbeer?" she asked hopefully. "I have never touched intoxicants in my life," replied the young man coldly.

One reason for the success of Charley Schwab lies in the fact that he thinks and acts quickly. Once an acquaintance approached Schwab and the conversation went like this: "Say can you let me have five or ten—" "No—" "—Minutes? I think I can show you how to make some money." "—objection, old chap. You can have twenty, if you want."

Anxious to travel for a big English firm in the ham line, an Irishman obtained an interview with the proprietor. "What experience have you had?" the Irishman was asked. "Eighteen months," was the answer. "Eighteen months!" scornfully repeated the proprietor. "What could you learn about bacon in that time? Why, I've been studying for forty years, and don't know half enough about it yet." "Bedad," exclaimed Pat, with a confident smile, "if I had been studying it for forty years, I'd know how to make a pig." He got the job.

Out of the Cage

By John Nicholas Beffel

MacChesney lay upon his cot in the darkness. The cell-lights had just been ordered out. He was thinking of life, people and miscellanies in a most cheerful state of mind, and staring up the long slant through his high-barred window to the stars. It was the last night of his seven years' imprisonment, and the best. He had learned how to wait; had his nerves in hand; no wasting of tissue for MacChesney in the last few hours.

There was humor in the fact that they had sent him up for a job he had not done—humor, and the misery of a hurt pride—for the jobs he had done (and they were many), were far more clever and sizeable. . . . "They never could get me where I lived," he thought—which was a figure vaguely to express his scorn for the "bulls and butchers," who kept the municipality in a sort of semi-order; and satisfaction in his own mental equipment as a master of the far chances of trespass.

MacChesney had not lost his health in the seven years. His chief resource had been in thinking. He did not brood—he actually thought, philosophically and with invulnerable patience. With a certain amount of reading of the better sort, and a good deal of earnest meditation on the mystery of woman, as appearing to him in the form of a creature called Ann, this man MacChesney managed to keep bright and prophylactic. He was a thick, formidable person, a sort of oaken stock, and his natural force was so rhythmic that disease was unable to establish a connection.

MacChesney's philosophy was the oil of pessimism. A few lines are ventured: "To live—that's more than the crowd gets a chance to do decently. The mob of laborers is no better off than I am here, except for a couple of car rides in the dark between sleep and grind. . . . If you haven't got anything but ideas—don't talk in your sleep; if you haven't got anything except muscle, look out, mister—you for the scrap-heap at 35. They're on the job to get you going and coming—and they're half-brain and half-brute."

His mind was restless now reviewing his own activities before he was plucked from them. He had always been given to thinking out a matter from every possible angle before putting an idea into motion. This habit had long enabled him to be elsewhere when a disorder was discovered. Looking back now, he perceived that he had been young, and that with all his care, he had taken more chances than necessary.

"Never again," muttered the wiser MacChesney. It was clear to him that one big sure-thing job a year would be enough from now on; and should net as much as a dozen half-baked ventures, any one of which failing, would remove him from the commonwealth as long as the big strike, and rough a man's pride a good deal more. Two or three big jobs had reached a finished state of conception in the seven years.

Ann was the biggest thing he had

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ever uncovered. In the first place, she was straight, in spite of the fact that she was in his game. That interested MacChesney with a bang. He had long held the idea that a man might just as well give himself up as let a woman in. The fact that he could have proved an alibi, had he not been afraid of incriminating Ann, did not affect his view of the case. He had not been forced to shield her, and he had never regretted—and this is the best line about MacChesney so far.

Ann was worth it. The seven years had amply proved that. She was appreciative, too. Her once-a-month letter, formal, stilted, square and helpful, written for other eyes as well as his own—had shown that she never forgot his quick dip into her fortunes that day. . . . He had known her then for two years. She had more ideas in a minute than came to him in a fortnight, and there was a round finish to them, and no one was hurt by them, save those whose excess of riches challenged. As he looked back, it became clear that the basis of his best thinking had come from Ann.

And she was absolutely without blemish in the eyes of the "bulls and butchers." If she would marry him, it would only help to cinch his reform in the minds of those who watch a man after he is out. He had talked very little with Ann except on business, but that little had meant a great deal in his cell; her letters, too. . . . And as for their work from now on—their work together—"Yes, Mister," MacChesney mumbled, "some topsey little firm."

MacChesney grew drowsy thinking of the *something* that had been on the woman's mind all these years. He had thought of it a million times—this idea that she had been unable to tell, but which was safe and big. Great as his own ideas were to him, he had a vague conception that she would have the one right thing in her "kick." In any event the old challenging game would find them master and mistress. He remembered the times at first when Ann, in her quiet, warm way, stung him to the quick with his own selfishness; and once when she told him straight and strong what a "kid's trick" it was to get drunk, and how out-of-date. . . . Finally, he recalled her clearly as she sat in the courtroom on the day he "got his"—the white, straining face, and the last words, hastily whispered:

"We can wait. We're not too old to wait. We'll have time to think out everything. . . . And Mac, don't get ugly inside—I mean, inside yourself. They all do, when they're locked up—don't you get ugly. That would spoil everything." . . .

The stars wavered out, and MacChesney slept.

The warden permitted himself to be seen the next morning. MacChesney was rather pleased with the fact that his street clothes still seemed made for him. It showed him that he had kept physically fit, and not fallen away.

"You're looking right, MacChesney; you've been a good man. Keep so," said the warden.

"You fellows don't believe yet that you were in wrong in getting me here, do you?"

The warden waved his hand deprecatingly.

"A woman is waiting—"

MacChesney couldn't speak for an instant. This was reality—a next-room reality.

"I suppose she's the one who sent you the letters. Of course I had to glance at those letters, MacChesney. You make no mistake with her sort. Keep on the square and we'll let you alone."

"That's all I ask—just that."

MacChesney took the warden's hand only because it was offered. . . . And then he was in a street car with Ann. They were a little embarrassed. His brain was like a fresh file to new impressions. She looked not a minute older—but an age wiser and sweeter. . . . Somehow it came over him now, strangely and more intensely than ever, the wonder that this bit of a woman, so straight and big-hearted—should have concentrated upon him all these years—upon him, a shamed and caged creature. It made MacChesney's eyes smart.

"And they talk of making pals of men," he thought. . . . Ann, missing nothing, took up the talk, to keep his mind from things that rimmed his eyes with red.

"You haven't gotten ugly," she said.

He turned every little while to look at her clear eyes. "Straight" was the word. . . . They were nearing the edge of the city, going out. To MacChesney, it seemed that they had taken the first car at random. April was stealing into his veins. There were moments in which the fresh, springy air was almost overpowering to the man.

"I thought you'd like to get into the country," she said, as they alighted at the limits, to change to a suburban car.

"What made you wait for me, Ann?" he asked.

"You respected me—and then that last fine thing—"

He shook his head at the mention of that. "Everybody respected you," he said, and bristled at the thought of anyone daring otherwise.

"Sometimes I had to make them. I didn't have to make you. . . . Perhaps I saw we could get along. . . . It needs two these days—to think out—how best to get along."

Realities, and the fineness of them, came faster and faster to MacChesney. . . . The woman was "there" every time she spoke—"there" to the full of his limitations. The farther into the country they rode, the more he resolved into his forgotten youth, into old ideas of life and naturalness.

And at last, she signaled for the next stop. They stood for the big car to pass on, before taking the road up hill. . . . They gained it and looked down over the fields to a little lake with a fringe of woods.

"Think of this—and 50 minutes ago you were in the city," she said. "Let's go down."

"Of course, let's go down," he answered. . . . Later she wanted a drink of water, and led the way toward a

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house. . . There's no one at home," she said, after a moment.

She faced him and produced a key. "And what are all those little red houses—?"

"Bee-hives," she replied. "I loved bees when I was a girl. . . We'll have more. You see, you can study and work and play with them for years—and still you haven't learned the half about bees. You get all over playing with chickens. After you've learned and learned—then there are whole buildings full of books about bees. They're like fairies. I knew you would like them because you learn so easily."

After a while MacChesney sat down on the doorstep to remark:

"I did a lot of thinking in seven years—seven years full—and I had a lot of ideas, too. . . But I want to say, Ann—" and here MacChesney's tones wobbled a bit, "you've got all my ideas ham-strung—"

"And—bees are so safe, Mac," the woman said.

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Mrs. Flatbush—What are you going to do with that porous plaster, John. *Mr. Flatbush*—Going to see what tune it will play on the piano.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Forethought

"I thought you said this bathing suit was in fast colors," said Binks indignantly to the hosier of whom he had bought his suit that morning. "Yes, sir, that's what I said," returned the hosier. "Well, every wretched stripe on the thing has come off on my back," retorted Binks. "Ah, but wait until you try to get 'em off your back," smiled the hosier suavely. "Then you'll see." —*London Tit Bits*.

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Natural history had been the subject of the day's lesson in school and the teacher asked: "Now who can tell me what an oyster is?" A small hand, gesticulating violently, shot up into the air and a shrill voice called out, "I know—I can tell, teacher." "Well, Bobby," said the teacher, "you may tell us what an oyster is." "An oyster," triumphantly answered Bobby, "is a fish built like a nut."

❖❖

Lawyer (examining prospective juror in criminal case)—Mr. Juror, have you any fixed opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused? Juror (emphatically)—Naw, I aint got no doubt but the guy's guilty, but they aint nobody fixed me.—*Cleveland Leader*.

New Zealand Nationalize Coal

The strike of the soft coal miners in this country and the uncertain conditions affecting the entire nation which have resulted therefrom have led many persons to consider with unusual interest the proposal recently made by the New Zealand Board of Trade to its Government that the coal mines of that dominion be "nationalized" and conducted in the future under Government control.

This proposal is that there be created a Dominion Coal Board of five members—two representatives of the existing coal companies, two from the employees, and a president representing the Crown, to assume control of the entire coal mining industry. It would direct the operation of the mines, fix wages and prices, stabilize labor conditions, and govern the distribution of the output.

While conditions in New Zealand differ in many ways from those which obtain in the United States, there also are many points of similarity. The industry there is not large, the output in 1914, the best year, being only 2,275,614 tons. Imports and exports are small, and in 1914 the total number of persons employed was 4,734.

Between 1900 and 1914 production, by steady increases, was doubled. When the war came there was a reduction in output, but an increase in the production per man. In 1914 production was 639 tons per man; in 1916, 750 tons, the high water mark, and in 1918, 703 tons. By the last year of the war the number of miners had decreased 16 per cent, but the output by each miner had increased about 10 per cent.

Union labor works the mines, and there is a national federation of the unions of the whole Dominion. The efficiency of the miners is said to compare favorably with that of workers in this line of industry in other countries. A large proportion of the managerial posts are filled by men who have risen from the ranks.

The Board of Trade made its recommendations after an exhaustive study of the mining problem, covering eight months. It announced afterward that the industry could not be said to have exploited the people during the war. Neither the mine owners, the workers, nor those engaged in distribution, it was said, had received unduly high remuneration.

Conditions governing the industry, the board found, were not such as to give rise for hope of any material decrease in the cost of coal to the home consumer in the future, while faults in the industry's organization were such as to make it virtually certain the cost would continue to rise unless action were taken to effect stabilization. Among the chief disabilities found were the stoppage of work and disturbance of good feeling through industrial unrest, the waste of resources due to a lack of markets for part of the output, and the lack of a social environment which would attract permanently a high class of workmen.

Because of the strong national interest in the coal supply, the board devoted considerable thought to the practicability of "nationalization." Several interpretations of this term are possible. The Dominion Government might:

1. Buy the mines outright, and then either work them itself or lease them to concessionaires under strict conditions.

2. Institute some form of control of the privately owned mines through a public department charged with enacting and administering regulations binding the industry.

3. Obtain representation on the directorates of the principal mines by legislative right or by virtue of financial grants for development purposes.

The result of the investigation was the recommendation for nationalization under a Dominion board. It was proposed that the member of this body representing the Government should be appointed, that those representing the coal companies should be elected by stockholders, and that the labor members should be chosen by the workers.

It was recommended that the Coal Board should be in a position to achieve specifically the following objects:

1. Introduction of economies in production.

2. Conservation of the Dominion's coal resources, including equitable distribution and the gradual and systematic development and expansion of the industry to meet the growing requirements of the community.

3. Concentration of the industry at any given time in the most profitable fields.

4. Removal of the causes of industrial unrest, including provision for the proper housing of mine workers.

5. Installation of an efficient system of distribution.

6. Regulation of coal prices in the interest of consumers.

To these ends, it was proposed that the Coal Board be empowered to take over existing coal companies with their assets and liabilities at valuation, and to issue stock to shareholders in exchange for their holdings at the average market value during the three years preceding the exchange. This value would be determined by a specially appointed commission.

Stockholders should be guaranteed a pure interest rate of 4 per cent on their paid-up capital. From the balance left, after making provision for renewals, depreciation, and reasonable development, there should be paid a risk rate to stockholders and bonuses to stockholders and employees.

The program provides that the industry should be subject to taxation and rating in common with other industries. The Board of Trade recommended that the Coal Board be empowered to levy a tax of 6 cents a ton on all coal raised in the Dominion, to be supplemented by a duty of similar amount on all imported coal, to provide interest and sinking fund charges for loans to build

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Polly Powder Puffs and Bowls in shades to match Milady's Boudoir, each,
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Twine Holders, attractively decorated,
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Blue Bird Candles and Holders of white and blue, a lovely "Happiness" gift, a pair,
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houses and suitable recreation for mine workers on recognized town-planning lines.

One feature of the proposed reorganization is the introduction of mine workers to a voice in determining the business policy of the industry and in the conduct of the management. It believed that in this way misunderstandings between employer and worker would be alleviated. The formation of a Dominion Coal Board, it was said, would be followed by the creation of a works committee or joint pits committees, as well as by joint district committees or councils.

Controls of distribution was recommended as a method of abolishing over-lapping in deliveries, the concentration of depots, and to gain other benefits resulting from the general application of large-scale business. The question of installing improved mechanical methods to handle coal in transit from mines to depots would be taken up by the Coal Board after consultations with engineers.

To preserve as far as possible the principle of competition as a regulator of price, the Board of Trade reported that it would view with disfavor any attempt to discourage importation of foreign coal or discrimination against its use. The temptation to raise prices to consumers, which besets all monopolies, especially where there is an understanding between capital and labor, it said, should be safeguarded by the representation of the Government on the Coal Board and by the periodical publication of essential facts of the industry in open reports to the Dominion Parliament.—*New York Times*.

Liberality

Lights and noise were tabu, but there was some verbal expression of thought in undertones. The column was slogging forward the night before the attack on the St. Mihiel salient. "Wonder where we're bound for now?" spoke one dough-boy during a momentary check. "I dunno," replied a voice in the dark, "but I heard an officer say it was Metz." "Huh! Metz?" "Sure—and he said the general meant to take it if it cost a hundred thousand lives." Silence for about five seconds; then: "Liberal son of a gun, aint he?"

No Foresight

Seven vicious swipes the green golfer made at the ball, but it still remained perched upon the tee. He was about to make another attempt when the caddie held up his hand. "There's a man going across in front of you, sir." "What if he is?" snapped the novice. "You must cry 'Fore!' if there's anybody in the way when you're going to hit the ball." "How in thunder do I know when I'm going to hit the ball?" cried the golfer angrily.

"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane," said the mistress, admiringly, to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise, "Oh, but I see they are all your own." "Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do all yours just like that if I had time.—*Central Methodist Advocate*.

Essays of Charles II

By Vincent Starrett

Time was when, encountering in one's reading a pat epithet or a sonorous phrase, the authorship of which did not at once occur, one was safe in clapping it down to Shakespeare or the Bible. In this epigrammatic day of Mencken and Morley, Holliday and Brooks, it is a very unsafe practice indeed. Between them these gentlemen have said nearly all the sayable things left unsaid by Master Will and the authors of Christian gospel.

And the greatest of these is Brooks!

Not that I love H. L., Christopher, and Robert Cortes less—I revel in Henry, I chuckle with Christopher, I joy over Robert; but with Charles S. Brooks I don those spectacles of glamour which otherwise I wear only in tobacco-session with Elia, or searching for lost taverns with the amiable Geoffrey Crayon. He is of the line of Irving and of Lamb; a deplorable anachronism, of course. . . . Charles the Second, I prefer to call him—the first Charles wrote a dissertation on roast pig.

Speaking of spectacles, what a strange thing is the wardrobe of a literary critic! Are spectacles part of one's wardrobe? If not, to what division of man's estate do they belong? Because one neither steps into them, not puts them on over his head, is no reason for outlawing them as part of the sartorial camouflage. They are either part of a man's wardrobe or his library; that is certain. Inasmuch as they are worn, they must be part of the wardrobe. But then, many books are worn; those of Lamb, for instance, and Charles S. Brooks! And hiding away behind spectacles, too, gives one that sense of isolation that is felt most pleasantly in a library.

I doubt if I have really made any sort of a point here—it all seems rather incoherent to me—but I am certain that I was right at first, and that a man's spectacles are part of his wardrobe.

That is the trouble with this Brooks person. Thinking about him, or something he has said, one gets to wandering—much as Brooks himself does in his essays—from Bagdad to chimney-pots, and from chimney-pots to spectacles, and back again, until, first thing one knows, he has forgotten where he began. I was talking about the wardrobe of a literary critic, and what a strange and wonderful cabinet it is; a clothes-press of very special depth, with shelves and coat-hangers and trouser-grips and what not cluttering it up, until his wife (if he is married) is nearly crazy.

In the street, now, the literary critic may—indeed does—present a shabby enough appearance; but in his laboratory, surrounded by his latest books, he is as variable sartorially as a chameleon. Ready to his hand there is a garment for every mood and reaction, from the strait-jacket of applied criticism to the lounging robe of indifference. Happily there is less monotony about this mutable existence than in the life of a social light, who knows each hour just what he will wear the next; for the critic, at least, there is an early uncertainty and,

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Editorials

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1918	64,472,230	40,799,368	105,271,598

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in some degree, the transports of anticipation.

In the present instance, gentle skipper of long-winded descriptive passages, it is relaxing to lay aside the somber mortar-board and gown of scholarly affectation and don the smoking jacket of camaraderie and the spectacles of glamour. The firelight (it is getting cold) shines upon the comfortable quarto which marks the third venture into print of Charles the Second. "Chimney-Pot Papers," he calls it. There is a nice literary flavor about the word "papers," although the flavor of chimney-pots, in Chicago, anyway, is less literary than literal. The title derives, of course, from one of the papers, "The Chimney-Pots," an interesting collection of stalagmites visible from the author's windows and fantastically introduced into a charming causerie.

I was afraid for a little while that Mr. Brooks was going to forget the moon, which would have spoiled the essay for me. The opportunity was obvious; crying, indeed. I need have had no fears; he simply couldn't have left out the moon. He saved it up for the last touch. The roofs he conceived to be the suburb of the world—"the pleasant edge of our human earth turned up toward the barren moon." Follows then this notion of the man in the moon, an amphibious being who follows the seas. Let us have the passage:

"Chimneys stand as sentinels on the border of the sky. Pointed towers mark the passage of the stars. Great buildings are the cliffs on the shores of night. A skylight shows as a pleasant signal to guide the wandering skipper of the moon."

This is pleasant indeed, and that whim about the "skipper of the moon" bears out another fancy I should be sorry to lose—Mr. Le Gallienne's notion that there are seaports in the moon. You remember his exquisite closing lines to the seaport essay? "Yes, there are seaports in the moon. There are ships to take us there." Herewith the skipper! Since Jules Verne and Cyrano de Bergerac we have had no adequate excursions to the moon, however. This should be the subject of Mr. Brooks' next voyage. But enough of mooning. There are other papers in the book.

Ordinarily it would be a far cry from chimney-pots to the Lost Digamma, to leather suspenders, to Christmas stockings. Nothing seems strange in Brooks; everything is familiar without being too familiar—rather as if one had met these strange and varied experiences in an earlier avatar, or had dreamed them in a dream since forgotten. Charles the Second's fancies lead him far afield. He finds strange occupations for rainy mornings, and curious ways of spending a holiday; he has oddly agreeable notions about party-going and vagabond journeys; and he is on quite the friendliest terms with Friendly Giants. It is astonishing how he runs along; and ever, of course, there are books in the running Brooks. . . . I have been leading up to that line for some time.

It is to be hoped that, because I am, no one will get an idea that Brooks is at all flippant. He isn't. Indeed he is a very scholarly individual, although it is dangerous to even hint that. I would

not wish to bias anyone against this delightful man, who is, after all, a very whimsical scholar. And, in his erudition, quite properly he prefers Bagdad and Samarcand to less sonorous ports of call. For some reason or other, I deduced some years ago that Mr. Brooks was a clergyman—not a theologian—perish the thought!—preferably of the Church of England. The right sort of clergyman, you understand; Oxford-bred, somewhat of a sportsman, a lover of dogs and horses, and "incurably literary," as somebody said of Stevenson. Meeting people, or imagining people, I manage to conjure a sense of background; and the truth is, whenever I thought about Charles S. Brooks I used to see an English country lane stretching behind him, down which he plodded with a stout stick and a pipe.

I think I confessed this in a letter, and was disillusioned. It developed that he was then a business man. I have forgotten what he told me he manufactured—or sold—perhaps window shades! Anyway, I was shocked. Now I have got used to it. But I miss the country lane. The stout staff and the pipe, I believe, I guessed right. Books are his background now; a whole roomful of them, save where a big window looks out upon the four winds, and the seven seas, and the twelve apostles, and the forty thieves, and . . . it is a wide view.

I am wandering again. I had intended to say that "Chimney-Pot Papers" contains Charles the Second's thoughts "on livelihoods," on wit and humor, on runaways, and other diversified topics. Too, there is a very knowing essay, "On Turning Into Forty" in which we have a hint of the author's age, which he neither boasts nor conceals. I read that paper with vast interest and was astonished to discover that Mr. Brooks' emotions "on turning into forty" coincided almost identically with my own on turning into thirty, but with what billiardists call a "reverse English." He felt younger than ever. I was convinced that senility was almost upon me.

It is a good literary age that produces essays like these by Charles the Second; although some incredibly bad books are managing to get themselves published. The return to popularity of the essay is a notable thing, and it seems to be keeping step with the renaissance in poetry. No better "papers" are being written—I am almost tempted to say that no better essays have been written—than those by Charles S. Brooks. His other books are "Journeys to Bagdad" and "There's Pippins and Cheese to Come." All are published by the Yale University Press. All will survive, and, as America has need of "classics" (odious word!), why should not these stand upon the narrow shelf?

The new doorkeeper at the local museum had evidently learned the rules by heart before taking over the job. "Here, sir, you must leave your umbrella at the door," he said to a visitor who was going straight through the turnstile. "But I haven't an umbrella," the visitor pleaded. "Then you must go back and get one," was the stern reply. "No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his umbrella at the door."

The Plight of the "Prof."

By Ex-Academicus

IN a recently published statement, A. E. Shipley, vice-chancellor of the University of Cambridge, who has toured this country as a member of the British Universities' Mission, has made two criticisms of the American educational system. "One is that with rare exceptions the teachers of America are inadequately paid. . . . Secondly, the professoriate is very inadequately represented, if at all, on the boards of trustees."

Poverty and Powerlessness—these are and ever have been breeders of rebellion. Though they have not appeared as yet in an extreme form among the teachers of colleges and universities, the academic atmosphere is already strangely troubled. Slowly the college teacher's conception of himself as a consecrated votary of the arts and sciences is being tinged with a gross materialism, and he is becoming increasingly conscious of himself in the capacity of a mere breadwinner. Slowly, too, his satisfaction with the dignity of his profession as the moulder of the minds of the morrow is being corroded by the sense that he is being permitted to do the moulding only along lines laid down by the moneyed interests represented on the board of trustees. He is beginning to see that the hire-and-fire policy obtains almost as effectively in factories of culture as in factories of cutlery, and that if there is any difference in wages, so far as the lower ranks are concerned, that difference is in favor of the producers of cutlery.

The result of such a state of affairs is easily predictable, if indeed it is not already manifest. Only fools, Chautauqua lecturers, and young men of means will go into teaching. Fools can afford it because they can make no more as factory operatives; Chautauqua lecturers can afford it, because a good platform presence and a faculty for popularization may still win a speedy professorship; young men of means still prefer teaching to the law or the pulpit or the press, either because of natural bent and talent or because of the longer vacations. But it may be confidently affirmed that if things remain as they are, men of ability, who are neither shareholders nor spell-binders will shun the teaching profession for the simple reason that they will scarcely be able to support a wife, let alone a family, even at the close of their careers.

Now while groanings and mutterings are frequently heard from the mouths of professors and instructors, little do we hear from either concerning a remedy. It seems that while "profs" may come and "profs" may go, yet the system is to go on forever. To be sure, it may be urged that the American Association of College Professors has come into existence and that in some of the most flagrant cases of injustice it has investigated and issued a report. That any of these reports have issued in remedial action, I have yet to hear. The trouble may be with my hearing; but I know of one case where a quarrel between trustees and faculty has resulted in the gradual squeezing out, during a period of more than two years, of half the

teaching force of the college, among them men of the highest distinction; nevertheless the report on the original trouble has not yet appeared. Unless the Association of College Professors adopts a more drastic policy, it will hardly conquer for the profession its freedom.

In the matter of advancement of salaries, even less is being done. I have read a pathetic appeal from the teachers of a famous college to their alumni for—I hesitate to say charity. The circular vehemently denied that it appealed for charity. None the less the tone was not that of one man stepping up to another and asking him to settle accounts. It sounded too much like the old story—"sick wife, children unable to go to school, not a cent to pay the grocer's bill"—that we know only too well. To save the indigent professor's self-respect the denial was made; but it was an appeal for charity just the same. Yet all that was expected at the most was enough to save the professor's wife from doing the laundry and to send his children to college. Nothing more. And as for the more numerous class of instructors who had been foolish enough to spend three years of graduate work to qualify themselves for \$1,000 a year until such time as the man higher up showed a kindly consideration for them and died, there was not even a mention of them.

Are teachers then to accept the situation? Are they to comfort themselves with the text that "The meek shall inherit the earth," trusting that in some mysterious sense acquiescence in injustice may win the approbation and the reward of the Almighty? Are they to read "David Grayson's" works and embrace celibacy or reconcile themselves to a life of household drudgery for their wives and to their children's selling bars of chocolate to the students on the street corner? Or are they to marry money?

There seems to be no alternative to these, except to fight—organize and fight. Individually nothing can be done. Solitary protestants can be removed quietly, promptly and forever from the academic world and the gates closed against them. Only organized force can dare to talk to deans, presidents and trustees. Only organized force can effectually deal with scabbing. Only an organized democracy can depose an oligarchy. To be "too proud to fight" in such a cause is to be too proud to fight for the freedom of the profession and to assent to the economic strangulation of its dignity.

There is already in the field the American Federation of Teachers, a society affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Ah, but there's the rub. There is in this professedly democratic country an undemocratic sentiment which shrinks from association with men in overalls. There is moreover a quite genuine feeling of condemnation toward the unions, sedulously fostered by interested parties, which holds up to execration the encouragement and protection afforded by the unions to idleness and scamped work. Much of this may well be granted, and the day must come when a union member must fulfill faithfully his end of the bargain or lose his card. But the horror of these sincere and well mean-

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ing critics becomes simply ridiculous when we observe that all their indignation is vented upon those who get for four hours' work a wage of five dollars, and none is reserved for those who have secured for themselves positions of privilege in which they do not work at all and yet receive a hundred or two a day. If one is to froth at the mouth over

unearned incomes, by all means let us not waste our wrath over the insignificant offences but over the great. The trades unionist is no angel, but if he tries to get away with something for nothing, let us remember the shining examples of leading citizens he frequently has before him.

And yet, even when the worst has

been urged against the unionist, our houses do get built, our railroads do run, our mines do pour forth coal and metal, our automobiles do evolve. It must be that, when his critics are not looking, the union laborer does get in some work—work that his academic critics are thoroughly glad they can pass on to him. "Two men I honor and no

third," Carlyle declares. "First, the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's . . . A second man I honor and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable: not daily bread but the bread of life." It is only fair to Carlyle to say that in his fervor a third hero, to whom elsewhere he gives due veneration, has for the moment slipped his mind—he who adjusts the relationships of men, industrial and social, and co-ordinates their efforts to worthy ends. None but fools grudge to honest captains of industry and to statesmen in all spheres their share of honor: though by their frequent arrogation to themselves of all the tangible evidences of honor and by the hollowness of their allusions to the "Dignity of Labor" and the "Splendor of Learning" they sometimes incline the manual worker and the scholar to do so.

If then all these three types of laborers are deserving of honor, what can withhold that privileged type whose labor is a joy in the exercise of reason or in the contemplation of beauty or in the pursuit of truth from sympathy with his unlucky brother whose labor is in large measure a dull routine, if not an arduous struggle with pain and weariness? Who is the teacher that he should be spared almost altogether from the ancient curse, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread?" The least he can do is not to despise the inheritor of Nature's curse. The best he can do is to make common cause with him against such administrators as feel no accountability for the exercise of their power and take to themselves rather more of their share of the product, and against the parasites, who without productive effort or even any effort at all, live in luxury on the backs of all three classes of honorable labor.

What then is to become of all this agitation among the teachers? Some of them doubtless will find the curb too tight and the fodder too scant, and will seek freedom and a living wage in other fields. Others will succumb to the gospel of content, eke out an existence on the savings of celibacy or on the proceeds of a truck garden and a few hens, and bequeath to the next generation a worse inheritance than their own. Others there will be who will splutter and rave and do nothing. The future of teaching lies with those who, in looking after their own interests, are also looking after the interests of the profession and of the public. They will organize and use every fair means to see that the teacher gets from the very start an income that will enable him to marry, to satisfy all his necessities and some of his tastes, that will leave his wife enough leisure and strength after her work to make her an intellectual companion, and that in course of time, if he does not prove a failure, will let him send his children well equipped into the world. Finally they will use every fair means to see that the teacher is not made a pander to the interests of big business and unearned wealth.

Fanning—What's become of that rubber stamp, "Dictated, but not read," that you used to use on your letters? Dasher—I threw it away and got one that prints, "Mailed, but not delivered."—Life.



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GRAND-LEADER

Iowa's Land Jag

By George B. Waters

The people of Iowa and adjoining states are on a "corn land jag."

They have gone land mad.

And speculators are getting theirs. They are making millions off this land.

The riot of land-buying became so rampant that the Farm Management Bureau of the Department of Agriculture at Washington rushed eight men to the boom-crazed region to investigate. They gathered all the data possible and hurried back to Washington to compile it for Secretary Houston. He will take steps to stop the boom before it runs away with itself.

Sioux county, Iowa, is the storm center of the land-buying hurricane and it takes in the entire state and extends into Southern Minnesota, East Nebraska, Central Illinois, and there have been reverberations of it in the Dakotas, Eastern Kansas, Northern Indiana and Missouri and Western Ohio. In fact, according to W. S. O. Smith, secretary of the Farm Loan Board, every part of the United States is on a "land speculation joy ride." In New England there hasn't been much increase, but much land is changing hands there, where the speculators are satisfied with smaller profits.

Captain Smith knows of a case which a speculator bought 200 acres at \$240 an acre, total \$48,000, and paid \$50 down. He promised to pay \$9000 March 1. A few days later he sold it for \$5000 profit, used this to buy other farms and made \$6000 more and with this \$11,000 has bought 42 more farms, involving more than \$1,000,000, promising to make a substantial payment in March, but expecting to—and banking on it—sell them and pass the contract onto the next suckers before he has to make good.

Many farms have sold as many as six and eight times. March 1 seems to be the "settlement" date in all cases. If the speculator promises to pay \$100,000 for a farm, and pays \$1000 down, he then takes his profit by transferring the contract to another for \$5,000 or \$10,000. This purchaser agrees to pay the \$99,000.

In Boone, Dallas, Hardin, Grundy, Blackhawk, Tama and Story counties, Iowa, the heart of the state and of land speculation, land value is increasing at the rate of \$30 an acre per month. Real estate men say the average price by March 1, when a crash is expected, will be \$500 an acre and second-rate land will sell for \$350 to \$400 an acre. In Case county \$1,000,000 worth of land changed hands in one day, most of it being in small farms with numerous purchasers.

N. O. Messenger, banking commissioner of Iowa, is alarmed for fear the country banks will load themselves up with too much non-liquid paper. Heavy mortgages are being made, and any money stringency that might strike Iowa might force many banks to the wall, as they couldn't convert the paper readily to meet their current liabilities. Millions of dollars of this paper is due March 1, and much of it runs for five and ten years.

When time comes to pay the spec-

ulators will have the cream of the profits in their pockets and the unwary newcomers will be left to hold the bag. And if the prices of commodities come down—if the cost of living drops—well, it is too sad to predict what would happen. Many of these farms were sold on the assumption that corn would stay around \$1.80 a bushel and hogs around \$23 per 100 pounds—and corn is already off about 65 cents and hogs are off \$10 per 100.

But this won't affect the profits of a speculator who made \$14,110 on a 166-acre Boone county (Ind.) farm by holding it three days.

—From the Cleveland Press.

"Now be careful. These canoes tip over very easily." "Would it be safe," began the girl timorously, "to—to—" "Yes?" "To shift my chewing gum to the other side of my mouth?"—*Boston Transcript.*

"Robert," said the teacher sternly, "did your father whip you for what you did in school yesterday?" "No, ma'am," said Robert, "he didn't. He said it would hurt him more than it would me." "Nonsense!" replied the teacher, "your father is entirely too sympathetic." "Oh, I don't know," said Robert; "paw's got rheumatism in both arms"

The Dressmaker (gushingly)—Ah, my dear madam, I consider that the most perfect fit I have ever seen. *The Dear Madam*—Perfect fit, fiddlesticks! You should see the one my husband will have when he sees the price.—*Dallas News.*

Guest—I told you I wanted a room so quiet after 9 o'clock that you could hear a pin drop, and now I find you've given me one over the bowling alley. *Night Clerk*—Well, can't you hear 'em drop?—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. A—I notice that your husband doesn't smoke. Is it because you object to it? *Mrs. B*—Oh, dear, no! If I objected to it he'd smoke.—*Houston Post.*



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Milady's New Overblouses

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So nearly do they "grow" into being costumes that by merely adding a silk slip of a skirt they form a gown of rare beauty suitable for most any dressy occasion. Some of these overblouses come below the knees, which gives the effect of a tunic.

They are exquisite in design and artistic in coloring. A clever new two-tone color effect is obtained by using two layers of the sheer filmy georgette—such as brown over rose, and other combinations. Beautiful beadings, embroiderings, deep fringe (a la Hawaii), etc., are favored trimmings.

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G. B. S. on Ireland

The latest effort at arriving at a settlement on the Irish question has fired George Bernard Shaw to take up the pen on this subject, and writing to the *Irish Statesman*, under the heading "Wanted: A Strong Government," he says:

"All old Unionists in Ireland tell you that what Ireland wants is a few years of strong, resolute government, and there is no mistake about the present need. Ireland actually wants strong and resolute government parliamentarily, and will stand much more of it than the English, who are at heart anarchists and will put up with almost anything human nature can bear, if the only remedy be good government. The Irish are not like that; they understand law and like it.

"Speaking as an Irishman," he says,

"we can stand Brehon law, Roman law, Canon law and any other law we can discover or invent. We join orders and chain ourselves with vows for the sake of a little more regulation. Our objection to being chastised by England with whips is probably at root that it prevents us from chastising ourselves with scorpions.

"How is resolute government to be brought to pass? No government can be strong without the consent of the governed. If the citizens connive at breaches of the law and shield the law-breaker instead of denouncing him, it is all up with the government. It may, if it has sufficient power at its disposal, eventually have a state of things in which out of every five persons in the country, one is a spy, one a policeman, and two are soldiers. If it has sufficient money it can put the whole population

into prison and support them there; but then it is not governing, but coercion. It cannot settle the country, develop it, secure property or person, satisfy the country, or achieve any of the ends of government.

"So that a government can govern just as much as the people allow it. It may have troops, tanks, aeroplanes, and bombs enough to wipe out the whole population; but it cannot govern. When the man who disobeys its orders and slays its officers to avoid arrest can depend on his neighbors not to denounce him, and is assured by his spiritual adviser that he is justified in resisting, even to that extremity, the authorities can proclaim districts, can shoot and bludgeon and arrest and imprison those whom they catch redhanded; but they cannot keep the peace; they can only break it. In a word, such a government

is miserably weak, irritable, mischievous, and perpetually at its wits' ends. The conspiracy of the whole nation, acting spontaneously together without brotherhoods or oaths or indictable evidence of any kind, seems to be as completely realized in Ireland as it ever can be within the limits of political possibility.

"It is a situation not good for business, to say the least. No man with a business scheme in hand feels sure, either that Sinn Fein will let him carry it out, or if he squares Sinn Fein, that the military authorities will let him carry it out. Business schemes cannot easily be hidden either from the police or the people, and can be both proclaimed and boycotted.

"What are the business men of Ireland going to do about it? They need law and order, security for reasonably established expectation, free markets, free transit, normal neighborliness. The Castle Government is utterly unable to give these things to them. Sinn Fein chuckles over their uncertainty. The Castle does not understand their position, being too gentlemanly to have any knowledge of business. Things are going from bad to worse; yet the business men do not wake up; political Ireland is a sort of flaming corona with an eclipsed center. It seems silly, does it not?

"Will our chambers of commerce be good enough to think it over from the strictly business point of view? If they are satisfied, there is nothing more to be said so far as they are concerned. If not, had they not better make themselves felt a little?"—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Mexico's Poet

By Mariano Joaquin Lorente

Amado Nervo, one of the leading poets of the Mexican republic, has passed away. He died in Montevideo on the twenty-fourth of May last while he was visiting some of the southern republics bent on fostering closer intellectual relations between Latin-American countries. His journey, brought to such deplorable end, served to emphasize the admiration and love Latin-Americans felt for him. In all the cities he visited the intellectuals paid him homage and flocked to hear him recite his compositions which, beautiful as they are in cold print, acquired new charm when coming from his lips in a sonorous earnest voice.

The enthusiastic receptions accorded Nervo were rather more than mere formal greetings, prompted by that hospitality which characterizes the Latin-Americans, to the distinguished son of a sister republic; they were the spontaneous tribute of discriminating communities to a man of genius. For though Nervo is almost entirely unknown in the United States—our press seems specialize in foreign bandits alone—he has enjoyed an enviable reputation as a poet of the first magnitude not only throughout Latin-America but in Spain, France and Italy.

Amado Nervo was born at Tepic, a small town on the Pacific coast, on the twenty-seventh of August, 1870. His father's name was Amado Ruiz de Nervo, but whether the "Ruiz," which is a fairly

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FURS and MYSTERY

A fur-bearing animal which runs the muskrat a good second for diversity of service and durability is the marmot, a little burrowing fellow of northern Europe.

When alive its color is gray, blended with yellow on the back and sides and grayish-brown on the balance of the body. Along in the latter part of September it seeks its home in the earth, and from then on till spring it is "not in" to visitors.

The discovery of the marmot as a fur apparel possibility gave the people of moderate means the opportunity to obtain a handsome, lustrous, durable fur. For the fur manufacturer by treatment and dyeing, brought forth the marmot skin so close in resemblance to the mink, even to the extent of producing the brilliancy of the December and January caught mink, that detection is difficult except by the experienced handler of furs. It is also used as a substitute for Jap mink.

As I have said before, imitation furs when sold as such are honest business transactions which no one deprecates, but it is well to protect yourself against substitution by requesting a written guarantee that the article you purchase is just what the ticket attached calls for.

At a fur sale in St. Louis not long ago twenty thousand house cat skins were offered. Are you sure that you would know old Tabby's skin if it were dressed in another color and name?

Beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing!

(To be continued. Copyright, 1919).



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N. B.—Fashion display of Furs shown on living models at the New Grand Central Theater, week commencing Sunday, November 16, 1919.

common name, did not appeal to his esthetic sense, or whether the name seemed too cumbersome for his modest personality, the fact remains that he shortened it to Amado Nervo and handed it down to his son, the future poet.

Nervo began to write poetry at a tender age. One day, one of his sisters discovered his youthful effusions and in a fit of mischievous sisterliness she read them to the family at the dinner table. Young Amado, ashamed of his verses, or fearing an outburst of paternal rage—fathers are so unpoetical!—hid away in a corner of the room. Old Nervo listened . . . and frowned.

"And that was all," the poet himself tells us. "Had he (his father) been a little stern I would have been saved forever. Today I would be a practical man. I would have amassed a fortune with other people's money. . . . But my father only frowned."

And young Nervo continued to write poetry, encouraged, we suspect, by his good mother, who also wrote verses when she could snatch a few moments from her household duties.

It seems that young Amado was intended for the priesthood, a career for which he was by no means unsuited; both mentally and physically there was a good deal of the mystic about him. Fortunately, he entered upon a literary career. The world lost a priest, which it can very well afford, and it gained a real poet, of whom there is an alarming dearth.

After a brief initial period in the columns of *El Correo de Mazatlan*—an obscure sheet published at Mazatlan—Nervo made himself known in Mexico City by his brilliant contributions to such reviews as *Revista Azul* and *El Universal*, from which Manuel Gutierrez Najera, Carlos Diaz Dufoo and Luis G Urbina—all of them eminent poets—were ruling the Mexican literary roast.

Nervo established a reputation for himself and in 1896 he published a novel, "*El Bachiller*," soon followed by a collection of verses called "*Perlas Negras*" (Black Pearls). Both books met with unreserved applause and his fame increased until, with the publication of his "*Poemas*," he was hailed as one of the finest Mexican singers.

His books must have brought him some cash besides renown, for the poet soon took a trip to Paris and his experiences *en route* and at the French capital are recorded in "*El Exodo y las Flores del Camino*," which some critics consider one of his finest works.

Back again in Mexico City, he became editor of the *Revista Moderna* and contributed to many magazines in Spain and Latin-America. These contributions, which by no means confine themselves to poetry, but consist of short stories and essays, as well as poems, are collected in the volumes entitled "*Ellos*," "*Mis Filosofías*" and "*Almas que pasan*" and they show that Nervo was a true poet, for his prose is exceedingly poetic.

Latin-American countries, as a rule, have followed the praiseworthy custom of sending their intellectuals as representatives to foreign countries. Sometimes they may not provide them with a uniform, as was the case with Ruben Dario, who had to borrow the necessary regalia—at least, it seemed necessary to the great sybarite—from his Colombian

colleague when he presented his credentials to King Alfonso. But, uniform or no uniform, they send their intellectuals abroad. Mexico did not prove an exception to this rule of Latin-American diplomacy, and she sent Nervo to Madrid. The choice was a wise one, for just as Nervo was an exceptional poet, so he proved himself to be an exceptional diplomatic agent. Besides continuing his literary labors as intensely as ever, he made a thorough study of educational institutions in the Peninsula and the result of his labors is embodied in many excellent reports which appeared in the "*Boletín de la Secretaria de Instrucción Pública y Bellas Artes de Mejico*."

After Spain he visited France, Italy and England several times, and following a lengthy residence at the Spanish capital, he returned to his native country, which he left again a short while ago on a fraternal crusade through Latin-America from which, alas! he was not to return.

Amado Nervo has said: "I have not and never had any special literary ten-

dencies. I write as I please. . . . I support one school only: that of my deep and eternal sincerity. I have written numberless bad things, both in prose and in verse, and some good ones; but I know which are which. Had I been rich I would have written only good things, and perhaps you would have only one small volume from my pen—a little book of conscious, free, haughty art. It could not be so! I was forced to make a living in a country where hardly any one read books and where the only form of diffusion was by means of the daily press. Of all the things for which I grieve most, none causes me greater regret than that brief precious book that Life did not allow me to write: the free and only book.

Nervo was right in saying that he had written bad things—not many, some—but he was hardly accurate in his "declaration of independence." Nervo was, like the rest of modern Latin-American poets, decidedly influenced by French writers. He followed their example, unconsciously perhaps, and what saved him

from being a mere imitator was his genius and his strong personality. One need not develop a new school to be original; in fact, the greatest test of originality is the creation of something new in an old school.

Nervo tuned his lyre to all poetic themes and employed all sorts of rhymes and rhythms in his compositions, achieving distinction in them all. At first his verses were deeply mystic and we find in some of his poems a monkish longing for the Beyond. But, by and by, religious doubts crept into his mind and his later compositions are permeated with what Ruben Dario has called "pious and ironical philosophy."

"I wish my verses," says Amado Nervo in a beautiful poem entitled "*Mi Verso*," "I wish my verses would turn into jewels . . . that, docile to my wish, they would assume all the forms dreamed of by my phantasy . . . that they would become the emblem of all loves, the mirror of all charms, the resplendent crown of all geniuses and saints . . . I wish one could say of

Twentieth Anniversary Week

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my verses: 'They are radiant, ductile, polyform and beautiful as gold without alloy.'

Nervo's wishes have come true almost to the full extent of his ambition. His verses are all he wished them to be, beautiful in themselves by reason of his artistry, and the faithful interpreters of a sensitive soul, the soul of a poet who could delve into other men's souls through his rare introspection.

With all his early mysticism and the "pious and ironical philosophy" that followed it, Nervo could find inspiration in the practical side of life. His "*Pajaro Milagroso*" (Miraculous Bird), written in 1910 after an exhibition of aeroplanes, is a poem of extreme lyrical beauty and one that the Futurists, who have written so much in praise of modern means of locomotion, would do well to study.

Though Nervo was strongly influenced by French writers, perhaps his lengthy stay at Madrid awakened in him a strong love for the mother country, and in his "*Epitalamio*," which he addressed to King Alfonso, he emphatically asserts that Spain is still the spiritual mother of Spanish America. There is no question that Amado Nervo gave a great impetus to the *rapprochement* between Spain and her former colonies and between these former colonies themselves, and for this alone he is entitled to the gratitude of his fellow Latin-Americans. For the future greatness of the Latin-American countries depends to a very great extent upon the sinking of these petty differences that have kept them apart such a long time.

Amado Nervo, besides being a great poet, was a lovable man. He looked a poet, though not a conventional poet. His big dark eyes, which he had a tendency to turn upwards, his spacious forehead, with the question mark of a frown at the meeting of the eyebrows, his straight sharp nose, indicated the mystic, the philosopher and the poet. His thin, tightly shut lips and his dimpled sharp chin showed determination, the determination that enabled him to reach the summit of Parnassus.

Amado Nervo's death is a great loss, not alone to Mexico but to the world of letters. He was given an imposing public funeral the other day in the capital of his native land. He is one of Mexico's few immortals.

Marts and Money

Tight money and compulsory liquidation has brought extensive depreciation in the values of numerous leading stocks in the New York market. Rates for call loans varied from 10 to 30 per cent for several hours. Moreover, there are disquieting reports concerning financial affairs in London and Paris, one of them hinting at a further advance in the official discount rate of the Bank of England. On the date of the greatest depression, the totality of sales surpassed the 3,000,000 mark. The selling for both accounts was concentrated in issues that had for months been most conspicuous in inflationistic performances.

The most sensational decline occurred in the price of General Motors; it amounted to \$68 a share. American Tobacco common lost \$26; Associated Oil, \$36; Crucible Steel, \$30.50, and Mexican Petroleum, \$33.50. The de-

cline in U. S. Steel common was only a few points. The *deroute* in volatile issues had been expected for some time. Every careful trader realized that their values had been hoisted to levels utterly inconsistent with present financial conditions. When the break assumed perilous proportions, dominant financiers came to the rescue by offering large amounts of call funds at 7 and 8 per cent. The rally consequent thereupon eliminated a considerable part of the losses in prices.

The current quotation of U. S. Steel common is 105 $\frac{3}{4}$, which, taking all pertinent facts into due consideration, may still be regarded as a decidedly creditable valuation, the dividend rate being only 5 per cent per annum and prospects for an advance in the next three months almost *nil*. The relative stability of this stock made an excellent impression. It furthered the opinion that the powerful interests behind the Steel Corporation had determined to lend vigorous support to measures calculated to prevent panicky developments. Long-memored speculators will remember, however, that, as a rule, Steel common has nearly always been a laggard in retrogressive movements. It has usually started to decline sharply after the general downward movement had about reached its culminating point. For this reason it is quite reasonable to believe that this barometric stock may fall to 92 in case the depressive forces retain the upper hand two or three weeks longer.

At this moment call money is rated at 7 per cent and time money at 6 to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. As matters stand, would-be purchasers feel indisposed to commit themselves to any important extent. They are aware that the existing state of things precludes definite conclusions as to interest charges more than a day or two ahead. Furthermore, they feel more than ever apprehensive with respect to foreign exchanges, the latest movements of which were indicative of increasing monetary disorder on the other side of the Atlantic.

The present quotation for demand sterling is \$4.10, the lowest ever recorded, if exception is made of the record established during the London in 1857. Parity before the war was \$4.8665. Bankers profess inability to furnish intelligent explanations for persistent weakness of British bills. It is apparent, however, that the financial troubles of Great Britain are more deep-seated and more far-reaching than members of the New York hierarchy of finance are willing to admit.

New minimum quotations are now in force also for French, Italian and German drafts. The last-named are quoted at 2.52 cents, as compared with 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ in pre-war days. The rate on Paris is down to 9.57 francs and that on Genoa to 11.92 lire. In the two last-named cases the normal figure is 5.18 $\frac{1}{2}$. Three months ago, quotations such as these would have been considered impossible. Their grave significance cannot be belittled by far-sighted observers, especially not when they are studied in connection with the unprecedented industrial crises which shake the very foundations not only of France and Italy, but of several other leading European nations.

The weekly bank statement shows a decrease of \$377,000 in excess reserves and a decrease of \$87,123,000 in loans. The latter may be viewed as the outcome, principally, of Stock Exchange liquidation. There was much ado, the other day, when the Federal Reserve Board ordered an advance in the discount rate. Intimations were heard in Wall Street that the action interfered with the prerogatives of New York banking institutions, but it is now clearly understood that it was both timely and commendable. Financial magnates are in close communication these days as regards markets for money and securities. They are co-operating in a more harmonious spirit than they have at any time since the stressful period of 1914.

Prices of railroad shares denote unimportant changes. They are well supported in hours of liquidation in the industrial department. Some of them are quoted at higher figures than they were a week ago. Dispatches from Washington are to the effect that important clauses of railroad legislation are being settled in constructive manner.

Particular gratification is expressed respecting some of the leading provisions of the Esch railroad bill. One of them provides that revenues of carriers, including short lines and express companies, for the first six months of private operation, are guaranteed by the Government to equal the corresponding standard return paid as rental during Federal control. Furthermore, indebtedness to the Government, remaining after a settlement of the rental owned by the Government, may be funded for ten years on demand notes at 6 per cent interest, and carriers may obtain Federal loans from a \$250,000,000 revolving fund during the first two years of renewed private operation, such loans to mature in five years, to bear 6 per cent, and to be amply secured.

Prices of Liberty and Victory bonds are a little lower, as a result, no doubt, of enforced liquidation by parties heavily committed on the long side of the stock market. The values of other prominent bonds indicate fractional losses. The liquidation on the Stock Exchange was attended by precipitous selling in the cotton market, where quotations had shown growing instability for some weeks. Parties representing Japanese interests are said to have lost more than \$7,000,000 on long cotton contracts entered into at or close to maximum figures some weeks ago.

Finance in St. Louis

On the St. Louis Stock Exchange business still is in relatively good volume. Prices are steady. They have thus far been but lightly affected by the news from Wall Street. It is expected, of course, that further material depreciation in Eastern values should accentuate the desire to take profits on Fourth Street. Banking and street railway issues remain in a quiescent state, while the movements in industrials are less suggestive of aggressive speculative tactics. The financial situation continues encouraging, despite the tension in New York. Time loans are quoted at previous interest rates.

Latest quotations:

	Bid.	Asked.
First National Bank	221	
Title Guaranty Trust	80	
United Railways 4s	51 1/2	53
St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s	92	95
Cass Av. & F. G. 4 1/2s	92	
Fulton Iron com.	106 1/2	68 1/2
do pfd.	106 1/2	99
Kinloch Telephone 6s	88 1/2	
K. C. Home Tel. 5s	11 1/2	11 3/4
Indiahoma Refg.	128 1/2	42
Laclede Steel	38	
Brockton Heel	170	
St. L. Cotton Compress	99	100
Ely & Walker com.	190	198
Brown Shoe 1st pfd.	80	81
St. Louis Screw	83	
Scruggs 1st pfd.	8 1/2	
do 2nd pfd.	47 1/2	48
Hydraulic-P. Brk com.	220	40
American Bakery com.	7	7 1/2
Hamilton-Brown	20	21 1/2
Marland Refg.	18	20
do rts	58	
Independent Brew. 1st pfd.	155 1/2	156 1/2
do 6s	110	
National Candy com.	103	
do 1st pfd.	184 1/2	185
do 2d pfd.	183	190
Wagner Electric	300	
United States Bank	136	136 1/2
Lafayette-S. S. Bank	185	
Natl. Bank of Commerce	365	
State National Bank	295	295 1/2
Mercantile Trust	67 1/2	80
Mississippi Valley Trust		
Title Guaranty Trust		

Coming Shows

One of the first of the New York comedy hits of the present season is scheduled for the Shubert-Jefferson theatre next week—with an additional matinee Thanksgiving day—"The Five Million." It is the result of the collaboration of Guy Bolton and Frank Mandel. The chief role, a returned aviator supposed to have been killed in France, is played by Ralph Morgan of "Turn to the Right" fame. The five million are the soldiers returned from overseas and the fun of the play comes from the changed condition confronting them in their native land.

The American offers Mitzi for Thanksgiving week in a new Henry W. Savage production "Head Over Heels." Mitzi is a whole show in herself—a dramatic star, a comedienne, a prima donna, yet in her support are other stage favorites: Ruth Oswald, the lyric soprano of "Have a Heart;" Boyd Marshall, formerly of Beecham's English grand opera; Joe Keno and Rosie Green, the vaudeville team; Neil Moore of "Katinka" fame; Edward Sells, Rebekah Caudle, Sallie Stemler, and others, besides a unique ensemble of girls, a troupe of professional tumblers, and the Henry W. Savage Orchestra.

The Orpheum will have a triple headliner next week: Ralph Dunbar's Grenadier Girls, a singing organization of nine young women; the Marmein sisters, with David Schooler, a pair of extraordinary dancers; and Gibson and Connelli in a new comedy, "The Honey-moon." Other numbers will be Gene Green, monologist and mimic; Jack Clifford and Miriam Wills in their rural skit "At Jasper Junction;" Foley and O'Neil; Mason and Forrest, announced as "the T. N. T. of vaudeville;" and the Kawazama boys, famous Japanese equilibrist.

The Virginia Belles in a Colonial musical offering will be presented by Lew Canter as the principal attraction of the Grand Opera House bill next week; this is an unusually pleasing vocal and instrumental musical number. Eddie Clayton and Frank Lennie will produce a new line of patter. Vine and Temple, old favorites, will appear in "Sense and Nonsense." Nana Sullivan and company will entertain with a comedy sketch "Never Again," reminiscent of the newspaper cartoons of that title. Other features will be Tracy and Palmer, a singing, dancing and eccentricities; Kremka brothers, acrobats; Powder Puff, the canine contortionist; Frank Rogers, the ventriloquist; Wilbur and Girlie, the Animated Weekly; Fletcher's Screen Monologue, and Mutt and Jeff and Sunshine comedies.

The Berlo Girls, water nymphs, are featured for the last half of the current week at the Columbia; they open their act with artistic posing and then do straight and fancy diving. Another leading attraction is Pagie Dale, a St. Louisan, in an exclusive song and dance production. Mabel Harper, a jolly and attractive stage person known as "the funbeam of vaudeville," will present a song and comedy act assisted by Elsie Weber, pianiste. The bill includes Robinson and Penny, jazz experts; and Kate and Wiley, in an aerial novelty. The feature picture will be Olive Thomas in "The Glorious Lady."

At the Gayety theatre next week, beginning Sunday, Joe Hurtig will present his big burlesque "Wonder Show" with an entire new cast headed by George P. Murphy and Primrose Seamon, versatile entertainers and European stars. Edna Green, Frank Roy, Bertha Delmont, Arthur Conrad and Roy Peck are a few more of the popular players with this company. The chorus is composed of twenty-four beautiful young women. Comedy abounds in the lines, the action is brisk, the staging excellent.

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On Thanksgiving Day at Dinner Time

For an especially good Thanksgiving Day dinner go to the Statler.

There will be an excellent menu of the good things of the season at \$2 per plate. Service from 12 noon to 8 p. m.

You'll enjoy the beauty and luxury of the restaurants and their appointments—the good food—the good music—the good service. It will mean *real Thanksgiving good cheer*, and better enjoyment of this distinctively American holiday.

If you are planning for a party it would be wise to telephone table reservations.

HOTEL STATLER



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THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE

2:15 TWICE DAILY 8:15
Prices, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

Sylvester Schaffer Sallie Fisher
Nellie V. Nichols Elsa Ruegger
Bert Fitzgibbon—Kenny & Hollis
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CONCERT ORCHESTRA—KINOGRAMS
TOPICS—ELEVATOR
2:15—Playing Twice Every Day—8:15

Gayety Theatre TWO SHOWS DAILY
14th and Locust
—THIS WEEK—
WATSON and COHAN
Next Week—BURLESQUE WONDER SHOW

The New Columbia THEATRE BEAUTIFUL
11 a. m.—Cease—less—11 p. m.
PRICES, 15c and 25c
VODVIL AND PICTURES
Five Big Acts Latest Features

GRAND Opera House 15-30c
Sixth & Market
Nine Acts of Good Vaudeville
and Pictures
Show Never Stops—11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Daily
WORLD'S LATEST NEWS AND
FATTY ARBUCKLE COMEDY

Tom Brown's 7 Musical Highlanders
Burns & Wilson, the Untrained Nurse,
Harry Thorne & Co., Skelly & Heit,
Delton-Mareena & Delton,
Harrington & Mills, Joe Nathan,
Pat & Peggy Houlton, Evans & Dean,
World's Latest News and Sunshine Comedy

STANDARD THEATRE SEVENTH and
WALNUT
TWO SHOWS DAILY—2:15 AND 8:15
MIDNIGHT MAIDENS
Next Week—SOME SHOW

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THE BEVERAGE

The all-year-round soft drink

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